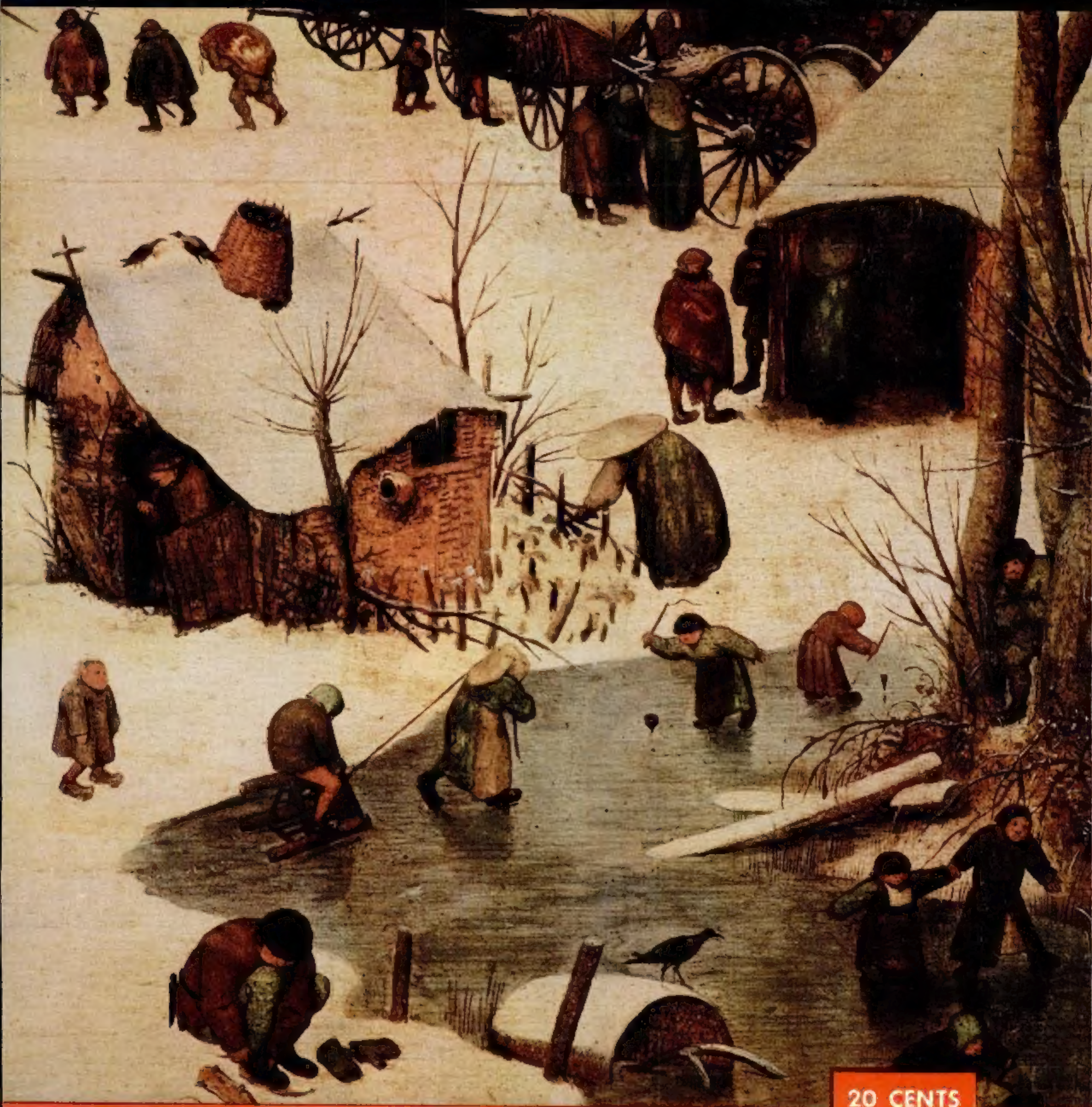


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DECEMBER 27, 1954





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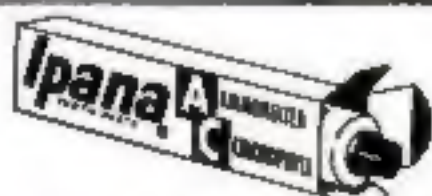
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# LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

## JET AGE MAN

Sirs:

Permit me to congratulate you and Ralph Morse for the cover photograph (LIFE, Dec. 6). It is far and away the most striking photograph that I have ever seen.

WILSON ROGERS

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

To those who insist that art is being replaced by the camera, we suggest a glance at the enclosed cut (right) of a drawing by Pavel Tchelitchew whose contoured delineation of a human face drawn in 1947 (LIFE, Jan. 29, 1951) seems to have foreshadowed your excellent camera study of a jet pilot on your Dec. 6 cover.

ERLE LORAN

Berkeley, Calif.



CONTOUR DRAWING

## RED FRAUD IN FAR EAST

Sirs:

We have been told all this time that the American government did not permit General MacArthur to bomb the Communist sanctuary in Manchuria and prevented American troops from pursuing the defeated enemy in the summer of 1951 because of the fear of Russian intervention. But now Rastvorov in "Red Fraud and Intrigue in Far East" (LIFE, Dec. 6) tells us that there was probably no such danger because Stalin was ready to quit the Korean war when both the Korean and the Chinese Communist armies had been defeated. I was mad about the way the Korean war was fought; now I am madder than ever.

NO-YONG PARK

Oceanside, Calif.

Sirs:

I wish you would discontinue your series of Russian fairy tales and stick to factual reporting. I feel completely cynical when confronted with the stories of a Russian whose imagination is probably vivid and far ranging.

I. KESPER

Lorain, Ohio

Sirs:

I wish to thank you most warmly for the accurate Rastvorov account of my trip to Soviet Asia. Curiously enough, the drawing you showed of me, pursued by a Soviet agent, is accurate too. I had no idea then or until I read this article that I was getting close to the remnants of a recently moved slave labor camp. I did see that I was headed for a brick building of the type we have alongside a reservoir or power dam. When I heard all the excitement below me I assumed I must be getting close to a military installation. Naturally I heeded the suggestions that I should come down at once.

Thanks to your great magazine and the writer of this article I have finally been given the benefit for the first time of a fair and truthful account.

HENRY A. WALLACE

South Salem, N.Y.

## NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

Sirs:

Like Viscount Montgomery, whom you and all the papers have been enthusiastically quoting (LIFE on the

Newsfronts of the World, LIFE, Dec. 6), I can say, "I was well beaten myself," but I cannot add, "and I am the better for it." Oddly enough, my parents seem to be in agreement. They frequently compare me unfavorably with some of my cousins who went through childhood and adolescence without being blessed with a single real beating. Of course I might have turned out better if they had used a cane as the aristocratic viscount recommends instead of plebian implements like hairbrushes and razor strops.

ANNE RYAN

New York, N.Y.

## DRY-OUT FOR FRENCH

Sirs:

Anyone who has ever tasted French milk will sympathize with the wine-drinking Frenchmen ("Dry-out for French," LIFE, Dec. 6). It certainly doesn't take a connoisseur to detect the low fat and high water content of French commercial milk. Most of their rich milk probably goes into their very fine cheese and marvelously rich butter.

When asked what was the most outstanding remembrance of her three-month stay in the United States, our 14-year-old French house guest replied, "Frozen orange juice and American milk. I never get a chance to drink any at home."

SEYMOUR SCHUTZ

New York, N.Y.

## OLD SOCIALIST TURNS 70

Sirs:

In "A Staunch Old Socialist Turns 70" (LIFE, Dec. 6) you say that the song *Internationale* "is the same as Communist one but hails 'international party' instead of 'international soviet.'" You know perfectly well that the Communists stole the song from the socialists, and it is a sorry spectacle to see you shelling today's confusion between Communism and socialism.

CHRISTINE SAPIEHA

New York, N.Y.

● The *Internationale*, written in 1871, became the battle song of international socialism. In 1917 the Bolsheviks made it the Soviet state anthem. Replaced in 1911 by a patriotic song called *Hymn of the Soviet Union*, the *Internationale* is still the official anthem of the Communist party.—ED.

## TWO BARKERS IN PARKAS

Sirs:

I am thoroughly disgusted with whoever brought the Eskimos, Abraham Lincoln and his wife, to the U.S. ("Two Barkers in Parkas," LIFE, Dec. 6). I visited Kotzebue in the spring of 1952 and there met them both. At Kotzebue, Abe is a hunter of whales and seal, a soft-spoken man of quiet humor, and not the silly barker you picture. Blanche is a skilled artisan with deer hides and sealskin.

ELIZABETH KROWICH

West Collingswood, N.J.

## SEASON OF SORROW

Sirs:

Your article, "Season of Sorrow in 13 Homes" (LIFE, Dec. 6), is a very thought-provoking article—especially to a mother who was much aware of the vacant chair at our Thanksgiving dinner table which should have been occupied by our son who is in the Coast Guard. His Christmas Day, too, will be spent away from home. But my heart is overflowing with thanks to God that he is healthy and happy and will be coming home. . . .

MRS. PAUL HOFFER

Lancaster, Pa.

Sirs:

I wish to offer my sincerest sympathy to the families of those 13 men. I have a brother in the Navy and whenever he is out on a cruise I always pray and worry until he is home.

ANNE M. MASON

Petersburg, Va.

Sirs:

Your article brings back how President "Teddy" Roosevelt handled foreign relations in 1904. An American citizen, Ion H. Perdicaris, was kidnaped by a

Moroccan bandit named Raizuli and held for ransom. President Roosevelt had Secretary of State John Hay cable the following to our consul in Tangier: "We want Perdicaris alive or Raizuli dead." It was not necessary to use force. American citizen Perdicaris was immediately released.

HARRY V. LAWRENCE

Boston, Mass.



ION PERDICARIS

● Theodore Roosevelt's cable to Tangier was a bit of show business for the Republican National Convention then meeting in Chicago. He ordered the cable, which John Hay, Secretary of State, called a "concise impropriety," after arrangements for Perdicaris' release had already been made.—ED.

## DIVOTS, DOILIES AND RUGS

Sirs:

Thank you for your article, "Divots, Doilies and Rugs" (LIFE, Dec. 6). I posed for the pictures on the opening page showing how a doilie is fitted and I sincerely hope it has helped others who have had the misfortune of being bald at an early age.

Mr. Feder has given me a new outlook on life. I feel 26 again, not the 66 I've been told I look minus the Tashay. But above all your article has, I believe, given the American public a chance to see and understand just what a serious problem baldness really is. . . .

HAROLD B. STOECKEL JR.

Jersey City, N.J.

Sirs:

Although divots, doilies and rugs are apt euphemisms for toupees, my friends have created some very colorful terms in reference to my own hair-piece. They call it: a fringe, beaver, cranial false and double-header. But all such fancy notions are quickly dispelled when my wife bluntly announces that it is after twelve and time for me to flip my wig and go to bed.

S. BERMAN

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

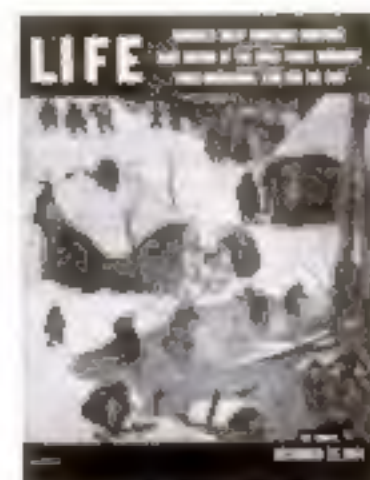
I am a skin head. When our neighborhood bookie died I was a pallbearer. The day was drizzly and I had to stand uncovered at the grave while the holy Joe gave a long talk about the bookie's chances in the hereafter.

Sure I caught a cold and nearly caught up with the bookie. So I am interested in a rug piece from a utility angle mainly. I could let the next bookie go with my hat on. But what if the queen of England comes by and it is snowing. I want something under my hat. Now I know what to look for.

CHAS. OVERILL

Corona Del Mar, Calif.

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A FREE PHOTOGRAPHER (LEFT) SPENDS CHRISTMAS WITH FELLOW REFUGEES, FREE COMEDIAN (LEFT) WITH "TWIN"

## CHEER AT HOME—AND AT GIA KIEM

Because Christmas traditionally represents many things, joyful or poignant, to many different people, LIFE usually tries at Christmas to reflect as far as possible this wide range of meaning.

From Hollywood comes the success saga (on pp. 69-71) of the year's best and warmest-hearted new comedian, George Gobel, who was surprised that his biographer, Bureau Chief Loudon Wainwright, looked so much like him (above) and still more astonished when Wainwright turned out to be the first one to stay around him for any length of time without trying to tell him a joke.

Also, just for fun, there is a new do-it-yourself in our gay Christmas bauble on pp. 42 through 46, and a newly-discovered set of illustrations for a famous old family favorite on pp. 50 through 64.

But Christmas is more than fun and games. The editorial this week takes stock of the duties and the limits of Christianity in today's world, and the lead story (pp. 4-11) takes stock of an organization to which selfless giving has been a Christian emblem for three-quarters of a century. And though to many the touching real-life parable of the pilgrims of Gia Kiem (pp. 14-17) may seem only terribly grim, it seemed a miracle to at least one observer, Photographer Pierre Schoendoerffer (above), that these brave people were able to celebrate in freedom—however austere and menaced that might be. To Mr. Schoendoerffer, particularly, did Christmas look good—he himself had only recently come back after capture at Dienbienphu and the bitter, 200-mile death march that followed.

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## COME TO THE DRUM

On Chicago's skid row, responding to an invitation to "come to the drum," weeping alcoholics kneel around overturned drum and pray for strength to repent. Each is joined by Salvationist or a man helped by the army who prays with him, "head to head."

## TO BEG FOR CHRIST

On cold, rainy night, with background of Christmas lights and trumpeting angels, a lassie solicits money for the poor at New York's Rockefeller Center. "To beg for . . . Christ's sake," the army's book of regulations states, "is no humiliation to anyone."





# THE HALLELUJAH ARMY OBSERVES ITS 75TH U.S. CHRISTMAS

This year—with its bonneted lassies and their tinkling bells, with its joyful street-corner hymns, with its needed bundles for the poor and with its ever-visible testimonials to the power of faith—the Salvation Army celebrates its 75th Christmas in the U.S. It was in 1880 that the first band of soldiers came to New York from London to tell Americans that they must march in the footsteps of Christ to “love the unlovable and befriend those who have no friends.” Today the earnest, glowing members of the army are so much a symbol of the spirit of giving and of the charity of the heart, that it would be unthinkable for Americans to celebrate Christmas without them.

Though many people think of the poor and distressed only at Christmastime, the army thinks of them all through the year, beating

their drums and tambourines and blowing their cornets to remind others that they should too. Music and joyfulness are always a part of their message—music, said their evangelist founder, William Booth, was to the soul as wind to the sail—and the Salvationists have long been called the Hallelujah Army. Booth ordered his soldiers to fight the devil out in the open, marching into slums and saloons, putting their arms tenderly around drunkards, prostitutes and criminals. Though the Salvationists themselves were derided, taunted and even killed in their early days in the U.S., their faithful service in wars, disasters and the country’s everyday tribulations has truly earned them what President Eisenhower called on the nation to give—a salute to “this great body of unselfish men and women” on their happy jubilee.





### THE SEEKING OUT

In a Chicago courtroom, after talking to candidates for rehabilitation in nearby "bullpen," Captain Crocker (at left) indicates to judge men willing to go back to Harbor Light with him.

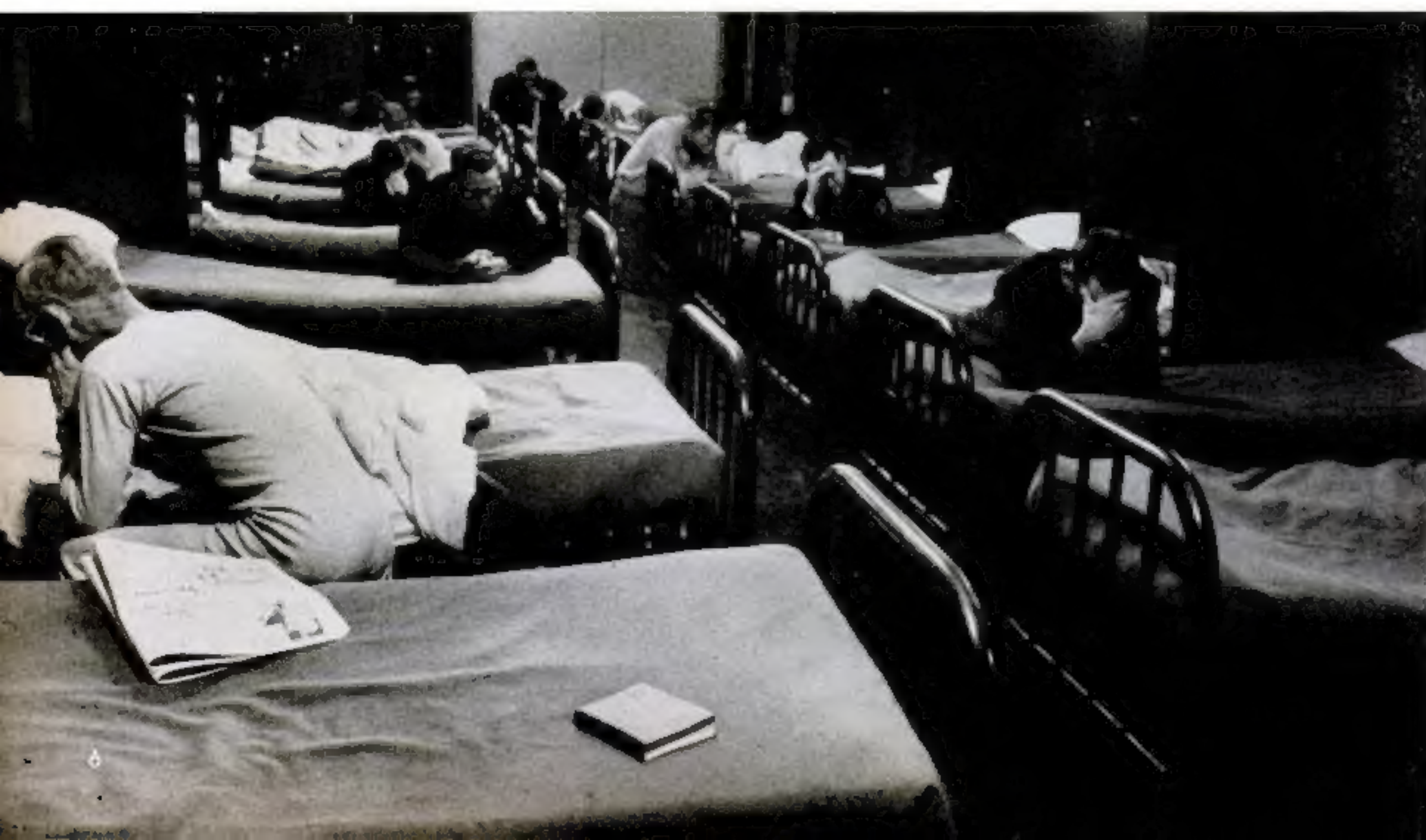
### FEEDING THE HUNGRY

Inside Chicago's Harbor Light tables are set to feed hungry men coming in off street. Those who remain for rehabilitation are given showers and a drug, paraldehyde, to relax them if they have bad case of "shakes."

## 'SOUP, SOAP AND SALVATION' FOR MISERABLE SOULS

"Go for the souls and go for the worst," commands the Salvation Army and, obediently, the corps seeks to help sinners in their most miserable haunts. Nineteen alcoholic centers are maintained on big city skid rows and here alcoholics and other down-and-outers are offered soup and soap along with salvation. Though most leave after the soup, many stay to be saved.

In Chicago, street meetings are held four nights a week in front of the Harbor Light to bring the penitents in. This particular center is unique because the director, Captain Tom Crocker, and every member of his staff, is a reformed alcoholic. Every morning he goes to a municipal courtroom to find other willing candidates for rehabilitation. With the judge's permission these are taken to the hostel and given a chance to "open up their hearts," a version of the psychoanalyst's couch, to discover the cause of drinking. If the sinner really wants to reform, he accepts a job to help pay for his food and lodging. This helps restore the man's self-respect. Then, slowly and carefully, the army tries to replace love of the bottle with love for Christ.



### A KNEE-DRILL

Praying beside dormitory beds, staff members at Chicago hostel and their charges practice "knee-drill" before going to sleep. Some alcoholics stay only two weeks, some as long as nine months.

### AT 'MERCY BENCH'

At invitation of officer conducting regular Friday night service at New York's Salvationist Temple two men "come forward" to Mercy Seat to make confession of their sins and spiritual needs.









### THE TOP BRASS

National Commander Donald McMillan meets with the four territorial commanders of U.S. From left: William J. Dray, South, Norman S. Marshall, East, McMillan, New York, Claude E. Bates, Central and Holland H. French, West.

## SOLDIERS WITH 'HEART TO GOD AND HAND TO MAN'

The Salvationists are commanded by officers from street-preaching lieutenants to the general in charge of international headquarters in London. In the U.S. today the army numbers 255,000, of whom 5,000 are officers. The equivalent of ministers, officers conduct services in the army's citadels, which are its churches, and head up local corps, whose soldiers are unpaid volunteers and believers in the army. Officers are under strict discipline. They may not marry outside the army and husbands and wives must be of equal rank.

The army, under the slogan "Heart to God and Hand to Man," is as much a social service as it is a religion. It enlists paid professional workers to help officers man its many operations—hospitals, nurseries, employment agencies and even second-hand furniture stores which provide jobs for men who are trying to rehabilitate themselves.



### CHILDREN'S BRIGADE

At day nursery operated by the army in Philadelphia, Captain Marjorie Sipley plays with 2-year-olds left there by sick or working mothers. Fee is based on ability of the family to pay. Most other nurseries will not take children under three years.



### CONSTANT COMRADES

Captains James and Mary Lou Mylo (*above*), head for open-air meeting in Staten Island, N.Y. They met in army, were married nine years ago, have three children, do most of work together.







### SOLDIER TO SOLDIER

At U.S. Army's Valley Forge Hospital near Phoenixville, Pa. (above), Salvation Army volunteers come each week, usually in groups of about 130, with sandwiches, fruit, candy and little gifts like stationery and soap for convalescent soldiers.



### STEWARDS OF SICK

A strong, middle-aged woman (left) who has asked help in locating a missing relative, the Mylar, "stewards of the sick" offer spiritual comfort. Officers visit anyone who calls them.



### LIFTING UP THE FALLEN

At army's Booth Memorial Hospital for unwed mothers in New York (above), expectant mother is visited by Captain Robert Waldron, staff executive, and his wife, who assists them in nursing. Most babies are adopted but some are kept by mothers.





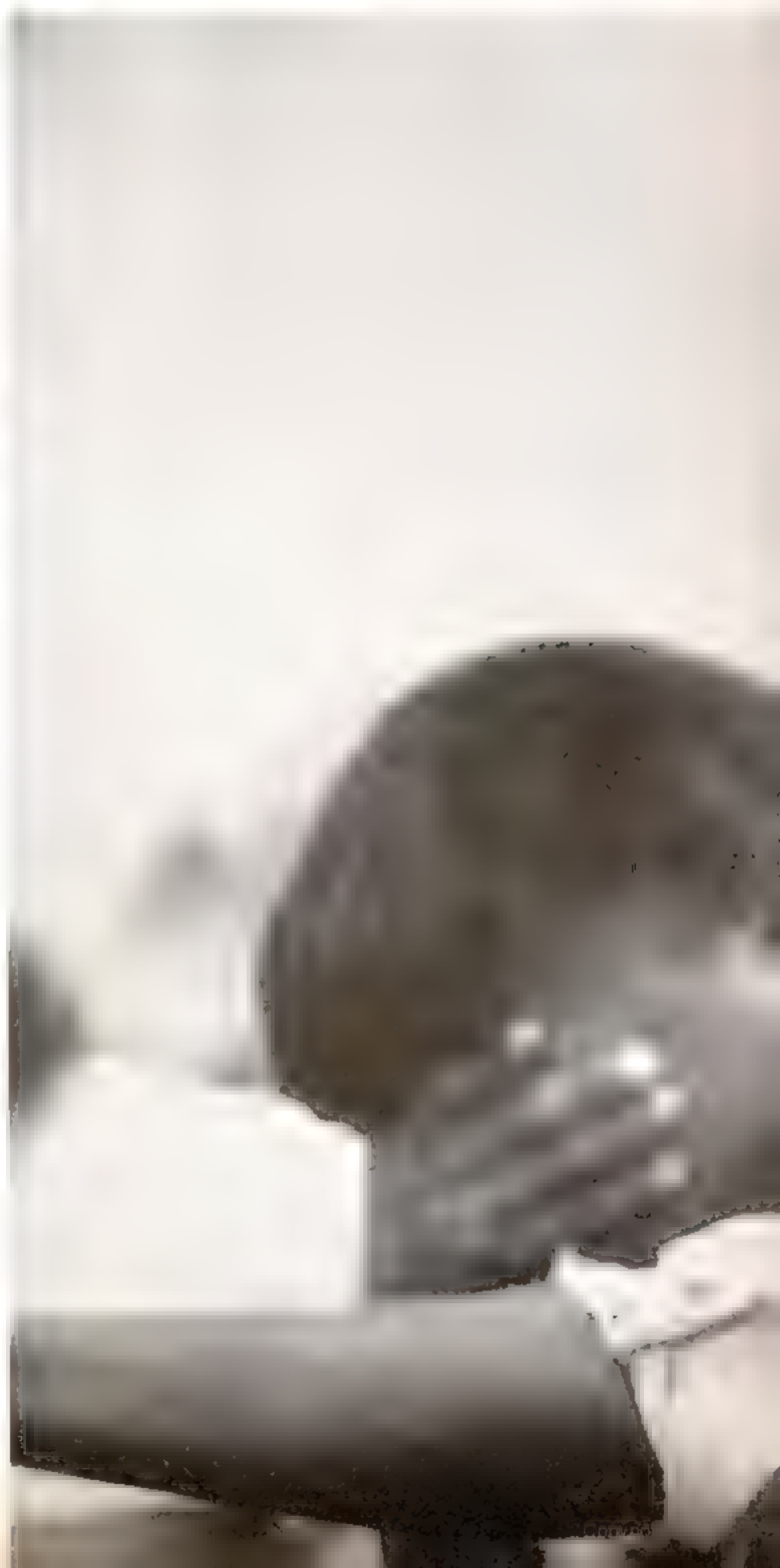
#### JOYFUL SOUNDS

Each night, the young women of the Salvation Army play music for the homeless in the city of New York. The young women of the Salvation Army play music for the homeless in the city of New York.

## FROM THE CADET BRIGADES, 'ETERNAL SPRINGTIME'

Most new recruits to the army's work come from the ranks of its soldiers and from the children of Salvationists. Before being fully commissioned, the new legion of recruits, they are in an on-again-off-again training period. They can receive a raise, seek special duties and a promotion, or they can be dismissed for selfishness, neglect, or other reasons. The cadets are called "the eternal springtime of the army," but there are too many of them to count on its ever-expanding services. Some officers marry only within the army and women cadets on parole are free to one; many women must resign their place as ministerhood.

All Salvationists must sign the articles of war, which they promise to give no quarter to the devil and forever forswear alcohol, tobacco, jewelry, and such trivialities as "loving and meanness." They do not expect rewards on this earth, and this is why they seem perpetually happy working in austere and soiled surroundings. They look forward to achieving their highest rank when, their busy lives coming to an end, they are "promoted to glory."







## SOUL WINNERS

New York cadets called "Soul Winners," often began classes with hymns and hand clapping. When men's football team plays, cheerleaders shout "Come on, Soul Winners—sain 'em alive."

## FIX BAYONETS

At a chapel meeting in Staten Island, young soldiers raise their hands. "fix bayonets"—bayonets declared in the stirring song

*In me, Lord in me, Lord  
Thy will fulfill a new Lord*





# IMAGES OF A WEEK BEFORE



## SAFE IN THE SNOW

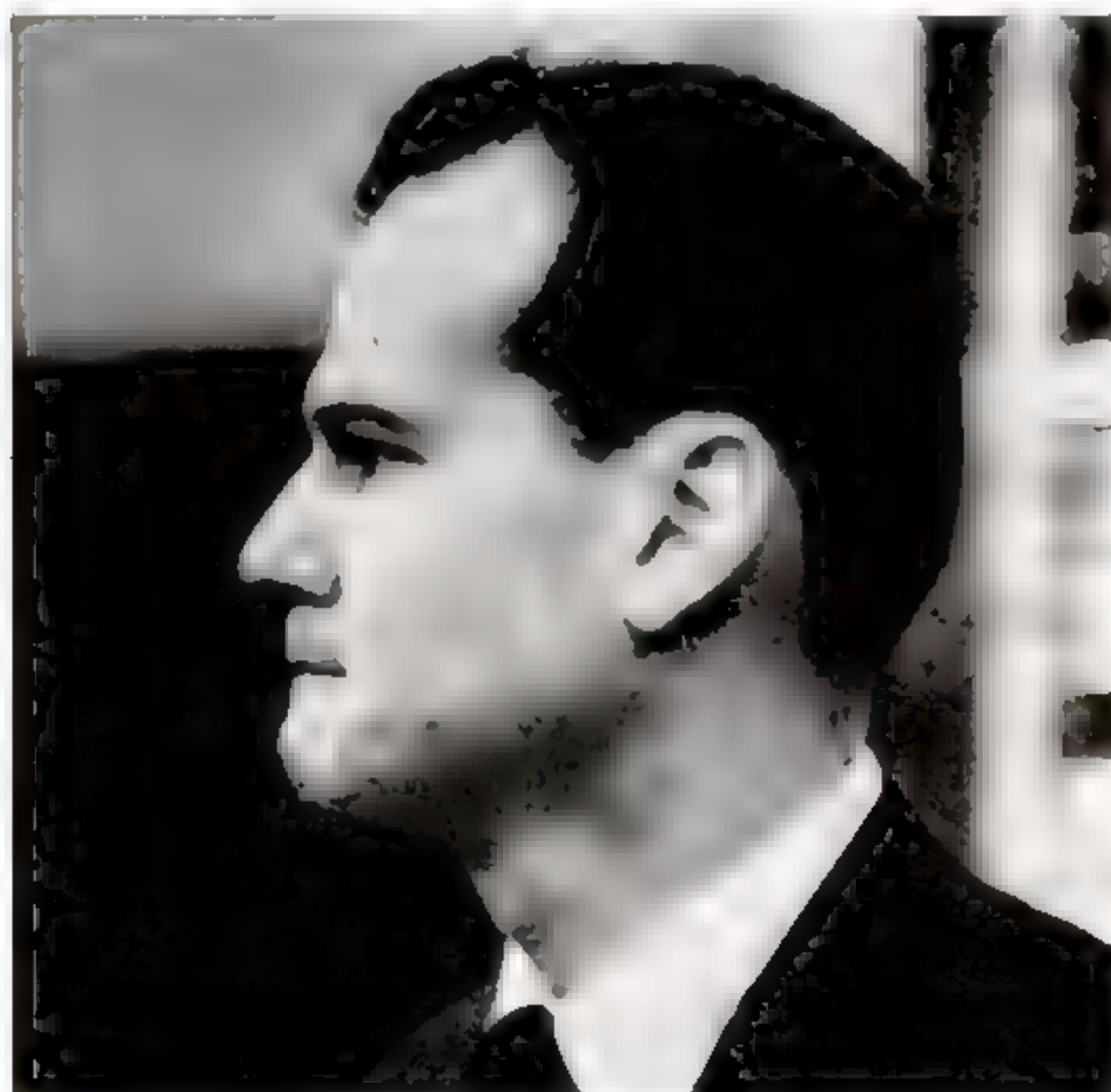
Driving to work, Cleveland Press Photographer George Grant spotted a utility pole which had been knocked over by a skidding car and was blocking the rails before an onrushing train.

Grant shot off flashbulbs to warn the motor-man of his danger. The train stopped safely. Through the windshield Grant photographed the skidded car (left) and scene of his triumph.



## SMOKE AND DISASTER

Inbound from Europe, an Italian airliner last week made three unsuccessful landing passes at New York's rainswept International Airport. On the fourth try, the huge DC-6B rammed a



## AWAITING JUDGMENT

In Cleveland amid the gaiety of the Christmas season, Dr. Samuel Shepard, accused of the murder of his wife, waited tensely to learn his fate as the jury, after having heard nearly two million words of testimony, rounded out its second day of deliberations without reaching a verdict.

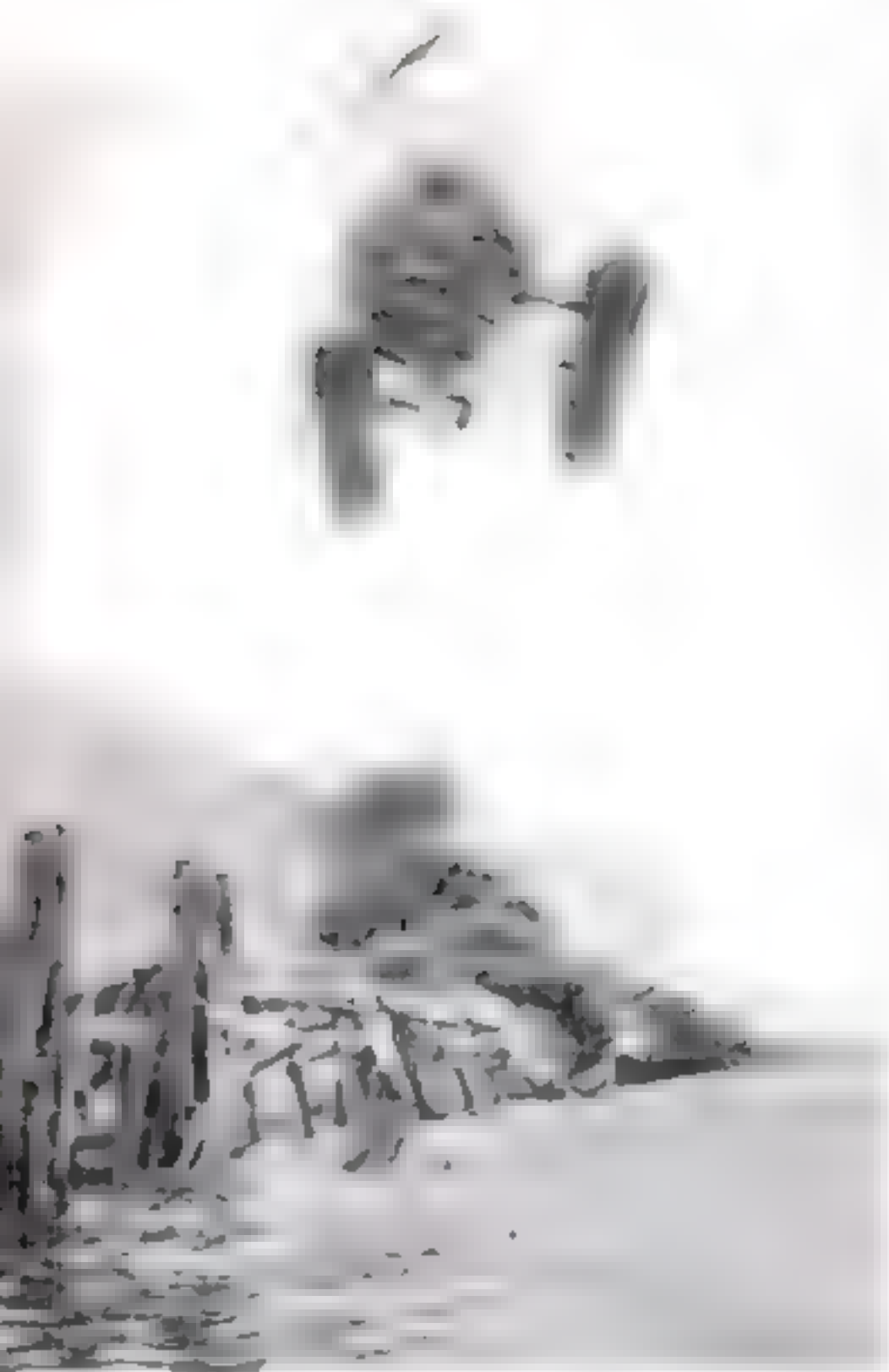


## ANTI-AMERICAN GREEKS

In Athens, grimacing students, contorted like U.S. football cheerleaders, rioted against the U.S. The cause of their anger was American support of a U.N. decision postponing action for the present on *enosis* (union) of Greece and Cyprus, now Britain's Middle East military headquarters.



# THE HOLIDAYS



## ON A RAIN-SWEPT BAY

low-lying pier and burst into flames in Jamaica Bay (above). With a police helicopter hovering near, rescue workers found six survivors, eight dead, kept searching for the 18 others.



## WONDERMENT

Nathaniel Welch, 7 months old and wide-eyed at the approach of his first Christmas, watched the pungent, new-cut balsam mounted in the living room of his Stowe, Vt. home. Then he sat up to nibble a piece of tinsel and explore the delectable wonders of the season.



## SHORN RAM

After his final pro football game, Elroy ("Crazy Legs") Hirsch of the Los Angeles Rams was mobbed by his fanatic fans and clawed bare of everything but shorts and ankle bandages.



## ... AND HOPE

The fate of 11 U.S. airmen held as "spies" in Communist China suddenly looked a little brighter. Waiting in the U.N. (left), Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld learned that Red Premier Chou En-lai had agreed to meet him in Peking and discuss "pertinent questions."





The village children pray at a paper-decorated manger made of bamboo poles

# O LITTLE TOWN OF GIA KIEM

In the Vietnamese wilderness, Christian refugees  
from Communism give thanks for an austere freedom



Two miles ago a little town of 10,000 Catholics existed in an isolated place in the Vietnamese wilderness and to the end of the flight from Communist persecution. There were 7,000 of them who survived at this spot called Gia Kiem. But they were only a few of the 500,000 Catholics who had been forced by the partition of Indochina into a heartbreaking exodus from the Communist half of Vietnam. Arduous journeys on foot through fever hot jungles and by sampan through dangerous waters had brought them to the inhospitable site where,





Star-shaped lanterns, carried in procession celebrating end of Marian Year, herald Christmas season in Gia Kiem

hacking away at house-high undergrowth and at trees soaring 300 feet, they built homes for themselves and shrines for their faith in good time for Christmas.

The site of Gia Kiem had been chosen and set up, like many others, under a resettlement program supported by \$40 million in U.S. aid. Visiting Gia Kiem as the Christmas season began, LIFE Correspondent John Mecklin found some refugees recalling that last Christmas their village was occupied by the Vietminh and its church profaned by a turncoat priest who preached Communism.

Others told of the Vietminh arresting them on Christmas Day, charging they had used the festivities to plot against the Reds. "We shall be happy this year," said a barefooted peasant, "to celebrate in freedom."

Christmas display in Gia Kiem, which is 75% dependent on U.S. aid, is touchingly simple. The villagers have cheerfully built a single crèche in the village square, and they made lanterns so that the children might have their candlelight procession. The children wish only for tiny gifts, a school notebook, a harmonica, candy. Few will have

a special Christmas dinner and none will have a Christmas tree. But everyone, except one member of each family left to guard at the bamboo houses, will go to Mass on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day.

In Gia Kiem there is reverent gratitude and undaunted hope. A woman who made the trek to freedom despite cruel face and leg wounds from a mortar shell said sottily, "Christ gave me strength to walk with pain." Pointing to her daughter, blinded by the same shell, she whispered, "She will be happy at Christmas, like all of us."



## THE KINGDOM OF JESUS IS NOT OF THIS WORLD, BUT WITHIN THE CITIZEN'S HEART

It could be said of 1954, like most of its A.D. predecessors, that Christianity has "failed" again, and for the same old reason—want of being tried. Not only does the devil still dwell in every human breast, he is actually Caesar over a third of the world. King Herod still pursues Rachel's children to destroy them, as on the highways of Vietnam (see pp. 14-17). A Christmas story for 1954 comes from those highways. An old refugee Christian peasant, Ta Hop Toan, was asked what Christmas means. Remembering the priest's words, he answered, "It means Christ came upon earth to help the poor." And has he helped? Long pause. "He gave me strength to carry my children," said Toan, who had just carried two of them 30 miles, hiding in insect-clouded jungles at night, pursued by Communist soldiery. "He gave me strength to walk with pain," said his wife who, wounded and lame, had brought the other two children and a few belongings.

So Jesus still lives and has witnesses. But they are witnesses also to the undiminished cruelty of man to man, which seems not to change whether Christianity is new or old, in the catacombs or in power.

In concluding his recent history of Christianity, Professor K. S. Latourette found it at midcentury "more nearly worldwide in its extent and influence than either it or any other religion had ever been." With all this power and influence, it has not transformed human society. So the question of religion's role in human affairs is still relevant, especially when Christians are required to take their stand in the struggle for the world between Communism and liberty.

How is that role to be defined? For reasons of history, ours is called a Christian civilization. But that does not mean that Christ's cause and our civilization's are one and the same. Christianity has never endorsed or stipulated any form of government, nor tried to overthrow any as such. Jesus paid his taxes to Rome; he did not defy Caesar; he changed the lives of Caesar's subjects instead. By Christian standards, all human governments are a "badge of lost innocence," inherently flawed. The highest goal a government can have is justice, which is a pre-Christian virtue: indeed the great Christian virtue of forgiveness inevitably requires that simple justice be breached.

Nevertheless justice is a virtue, even if a "second-rate" one. Some governments achieve more of it than others, and are therefore better than others; and most Christians, especially in Protestant countries, have felt a Christian duty to work for the best government they can.

Apart from their human instincts as citizens, Christians have two guides or promptings in political affairs. One is the certainty that all governments are under God's judgment and therefore answerable to His laws. The second is their human experience in apprehending those laws. This is a dim apprehension at best.

The new prime minister of South Africa, Johannes Strydom, is seemingly both a Christian and a democrat. His first official act was to declare that parliament, after God, is the highest authority in South Africa. It is refreshing to hear a modern statesman put himself explicitly under God; and what could be more democratic than parliamentary absolutism, the same as Britain's? But contrary to the teachings of Jesus, Strydom is also a racist. He and a majority of his parliament want to complete the disfranchisement and ostracism of the nonwhite population. Strydom declared parliamentary

absolutism because the South African courts have hitherto hindered him on constitutional grounds.

One could bandy appeals to scripture with these Boer Nationalists; but perhaps an appeal lies also to God's law in the light of history. Strydom is not only pursuing a purpose offensive to the conscience of the world but taking a step backward from the prudent restraints of constitutionalism towards the one form of government which has never worked in Christendom, namely theocracy, or a monistic unity of church and state. "Two there are," said Pope Gelasius I to the Roman emperor in 494, "by which this world is ruled on title of original and sovereign right"—i.e., church and state. With some backsliding and exceptions (notably modern Spain), this dualism has always been an available interpretation of Catholic polity, and Protestant countries gradually achieved a still stricter separation. A critical aloofness of church towards state is a safeguard for the latter against totalitarianism, and for the former against worldly corruption. If this painfully earned apprehension is really a law of "nature and of nature's God," then the government of South Africa is under it whether it claims divine sanction or not.

So is the U.S. government. With us the danger lies not in our political institutions, but in our temptation to idolize them just because they work so well. American jurisprudence, which once acknowledged the natural law as above the Constitution, has latterly tended to ignore any such check on it. The "idolatry of the democratic process" is as dangerous as any other idolatry, and in the light of our own meaningful history, Americans have less excuse for it than most.

And if Americans needed any further intellectual humbling, they could recall that Jesus Christ was crucified (as Latourette says) by "representatives of as high a religion and as good a government as men had thus far known. Thus God at once passed judgment on men's best achievement and sought to save the world which had committed the crime."

Jesus' kingdom was not of that world, nor is it of this; his kingdom is still "within you," as it was within the living hearts he addressed alive. Nobody knows how far that kingdom can be or will be externalized in the arrangements of human society. But there is no doubt that despite the sin and cruelty and fear in this Christian century, Christianity has done more than any force in history to improve the human lot. It has stirred more men to oppose and relieve human ignorance and suffering than any other force in history. It has inspired what little man has accomplished to control war. And as it sustained Ta Hop Toan, so it has kept thousands of individual Christian statesmen sane, humble and courageous in times of trial.

Christians are not natural rulers of the world. They are what St. Paul told them to be—the leaven in the lump. Christian love is not a substitute for the old Roman political virtues of justice, courage, temperance and prudence. But it can heighten and transform them; as Augustine said, all virtues are nobler when their object is the love of God.

Above all, Christianity has kept alive the hope without which any society must perish. For the Christian's own hope, that of eternal life, is the greatest ever vouchsafed to man. It is an ever-renewing hope that comes each Christmas with the birth of Jesus, and stays with man through every political change, failure and triumph, "Lo, . . . even unto the end of the world."



8 healthful  
vegetable juices in V-8\*  
declare a double dividend!



*Even Livelier Flavor than tomato juice!*

*Even Fewer Calories than orange juice!*

"V-8" is your password to a whole new world of juice enjoyment...where people really mean it when they ask for, "More, please."

A blend of 8 healthful vegetable juices, V-8 gives you the most refreshing flavor you ever laid lips to. And what a wonderful bonus you get in vitamins and minerals.

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By nature, V-8 is a wholesome drink and by Campbell's . . . it's great!

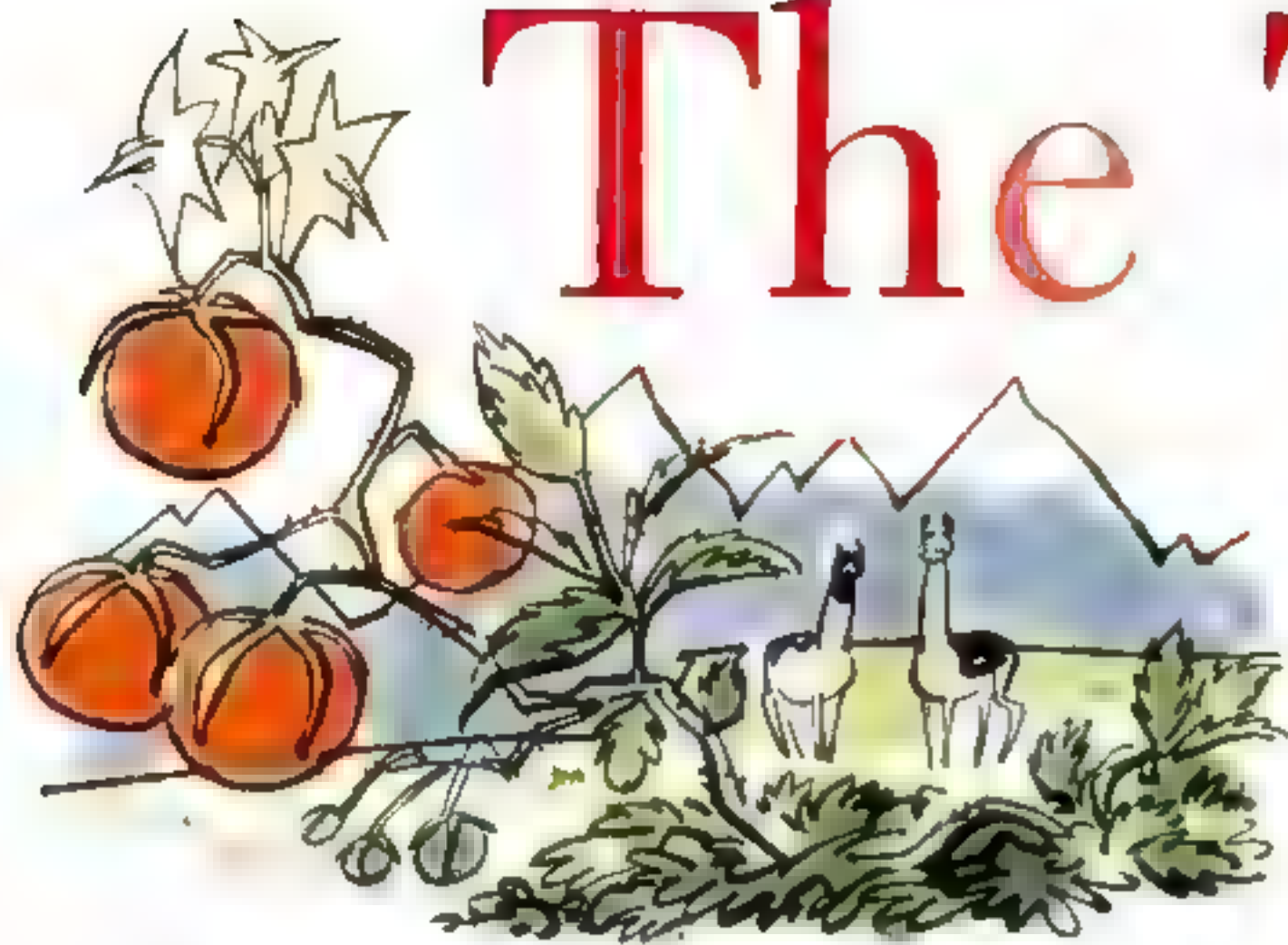
. . . by the makers of *Campbell's* Soups



8 healthful vegetable juices in V-8 . . .  
the pure, natural juices of fresh-picked tomatoes  
(the Campbell Tomato, of course), celery, carrots,  
spinach, lettuce, beets, watercress, and parsley.

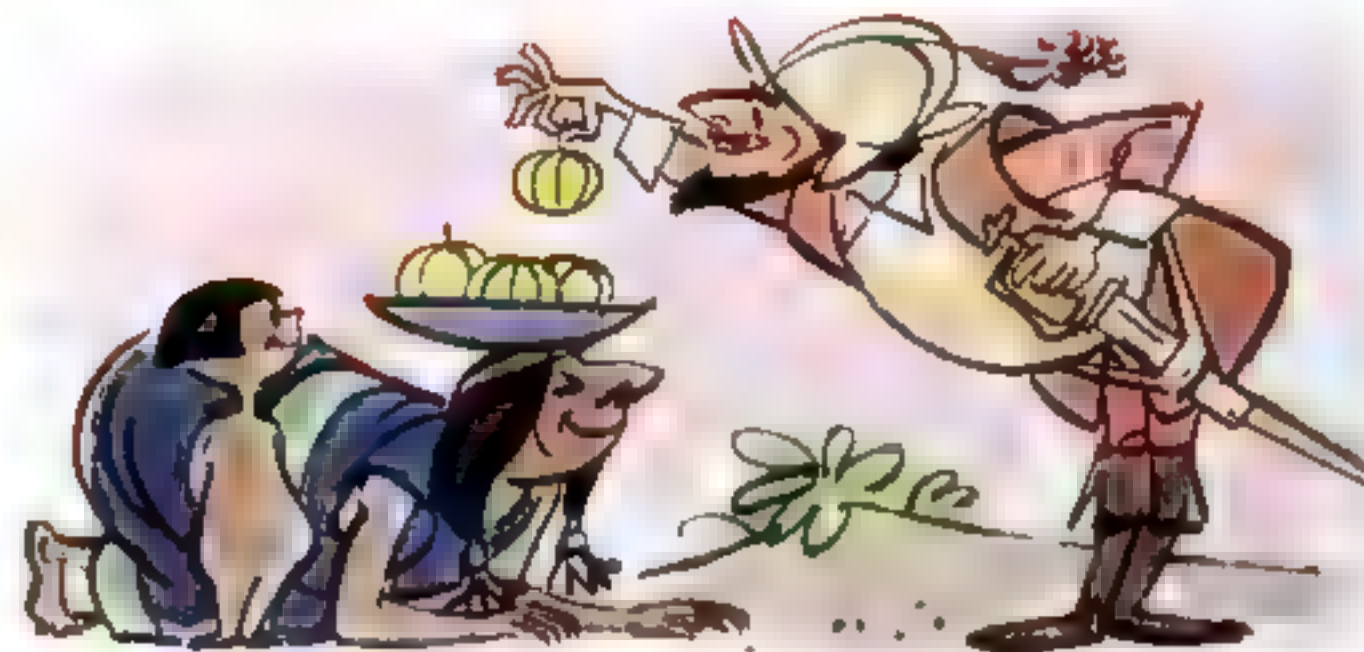
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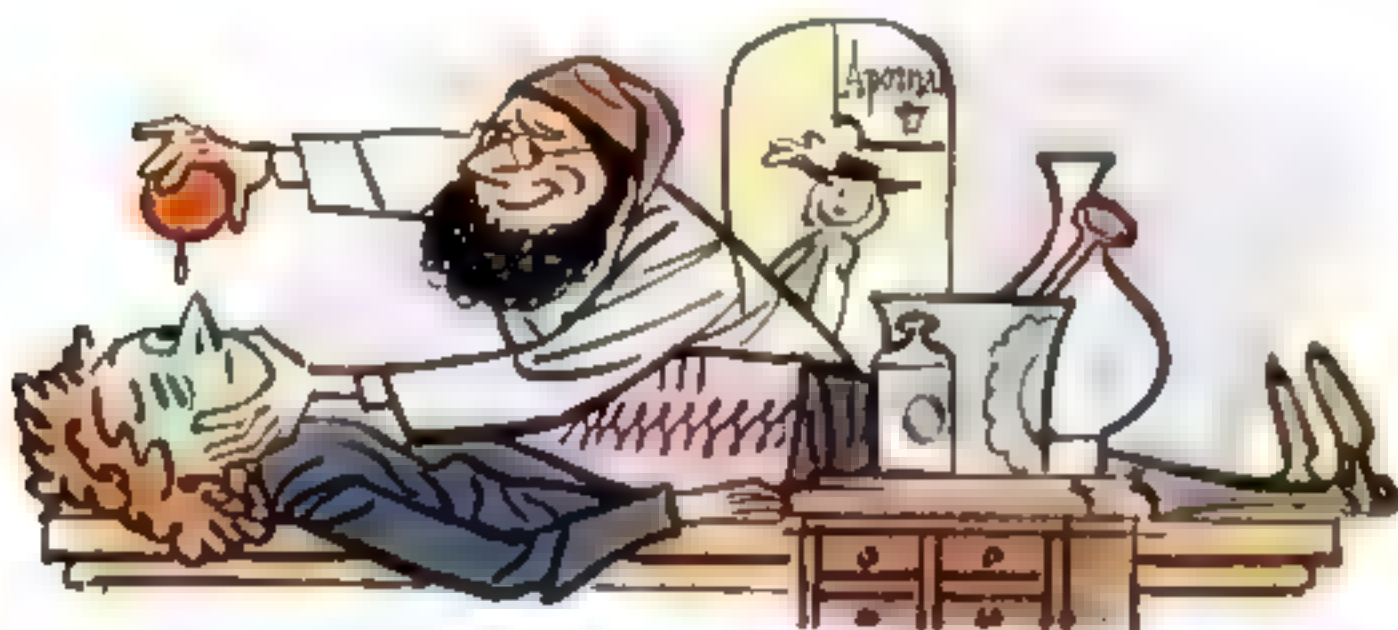


# The Tomato—

**1492.** The first tomatoes, no bigger than cherries, grew wild in the Andes Mountains of Peru, long before Columbus. They still grow there. In fact, Campbell plant scientists used some of these wild plants in crossbreeding hardier, modern tomatoes.



**1500.** Spanish conquistadors found the ancient Mexican Indians cultivating a strange fruit they called the "tomati." This early kind was "sometimes reddish like a flame, more often yellow." The Spanish called it *pomo d'oro* (apple of gold).



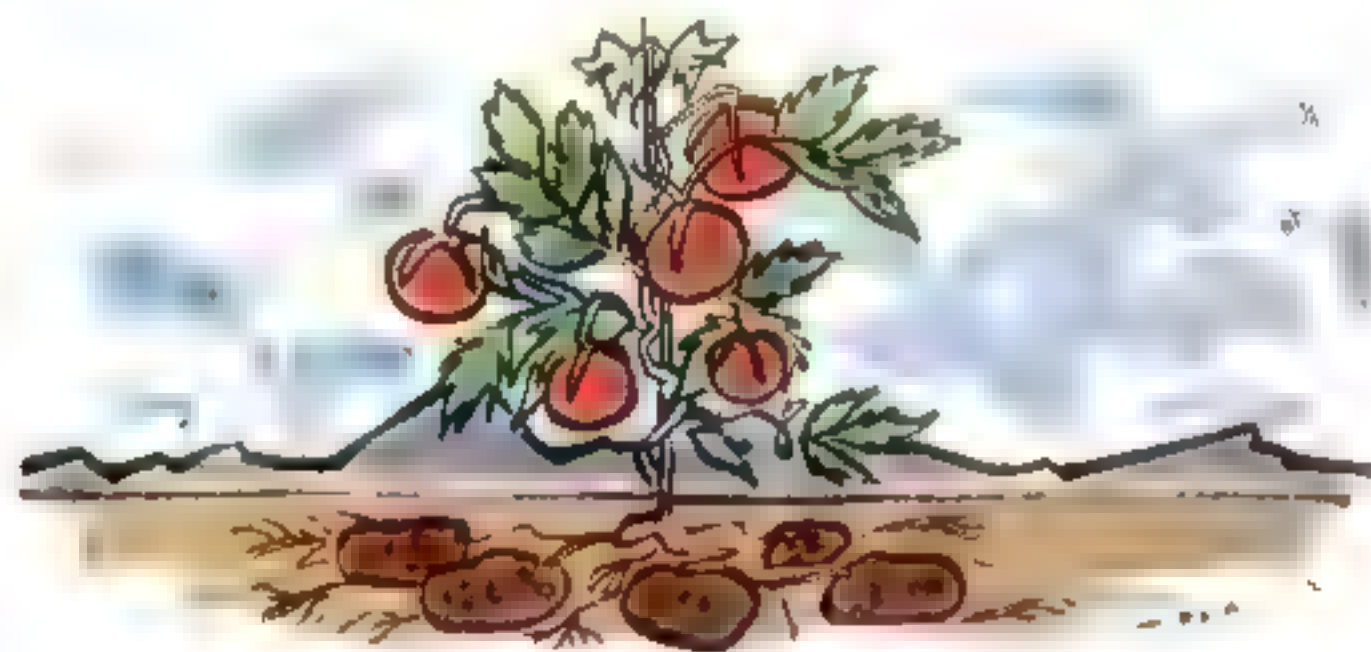
**1710.** In England the tomato had become a sort of all-round wonder drug of the time. Its "cooling nature" was said to be "grateful to the stomach," would soothe the eyes, heal all manner of wounds, prevent fits, and suppress vapours.



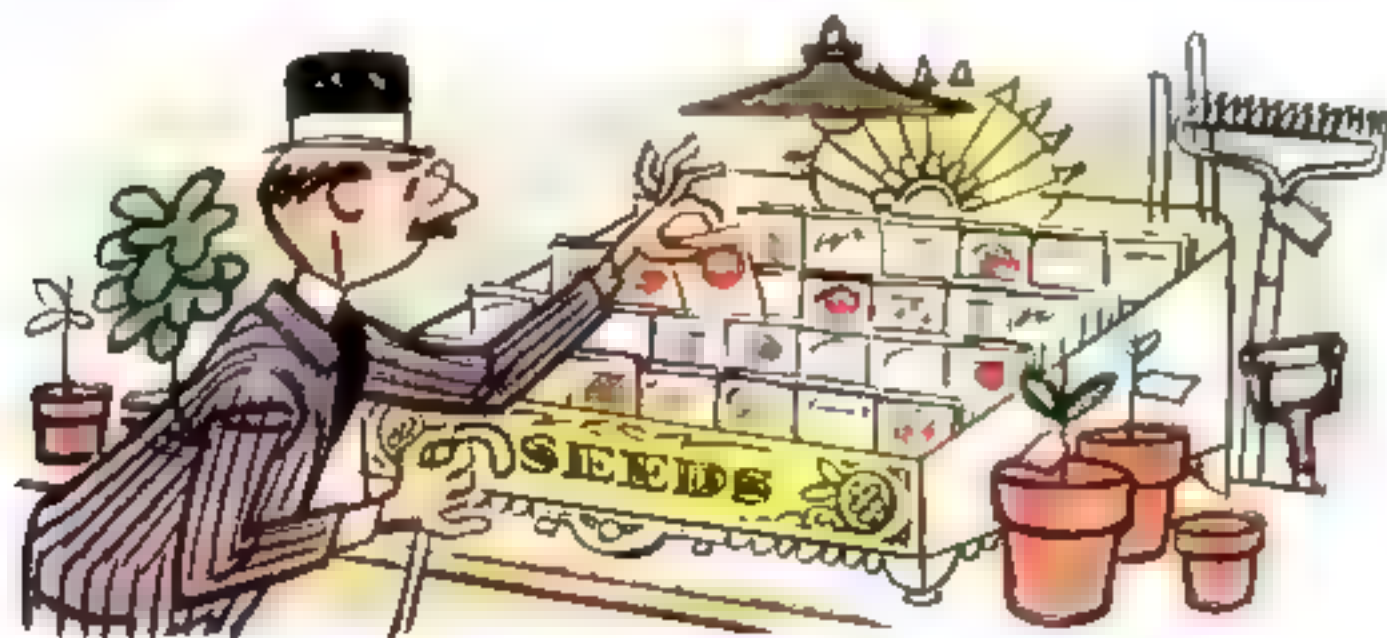
**1809.** In America, Thomas Jefferson grew "tamatas" for his table, exchanging seeds with General John Mason (who called the tomato "a kind of Spanish cantaloupe"). Seed catalogues listed tomatoes under "annual and ornamental flowers."



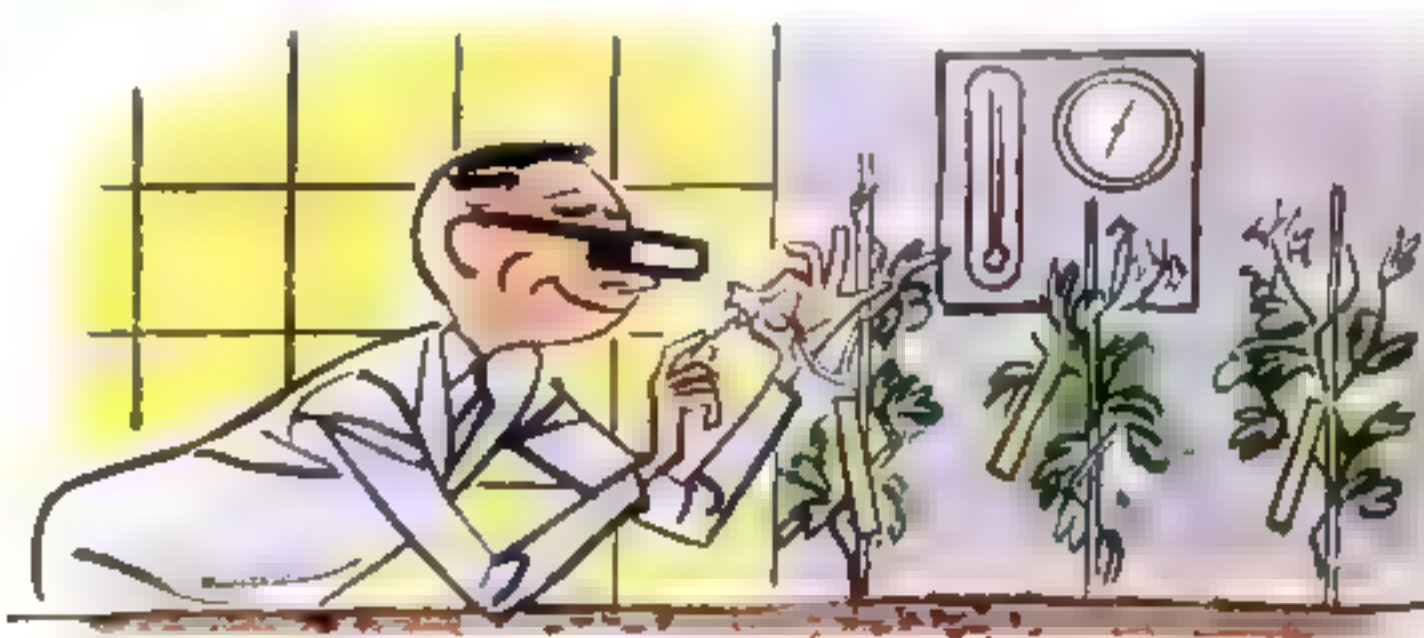
**1842.** By now tomatoes were "served by everybody who has not deliberately made up his mind to be ranked among the nobodies." Doctors "of great celebrity" acclaim the tomatoes' exceedingly wholesome properties.



**1845.** In one of the first experiments with tomatoes, "a tomato stem was grafted onto a potato stalk by which a crop of tomatoes was grown in the air and a crop of potatoes below ground." (Incidentally, it can be done.)



**1916.** By now, more than 500 "varieties" of tomatoes were being offered by seedmen. There was such a lack of uniformity Campbell was growing its own special variety which was described as "a tomato with character."



**1943.** From hundreds of crosses and thousands of selections, leading universities, cooperating with Campbell, developed a new kind of tomato—smooth skinned, firm fleshed, with a finer flavor than any that had ever been grown before.



# from Columbus to Campbell



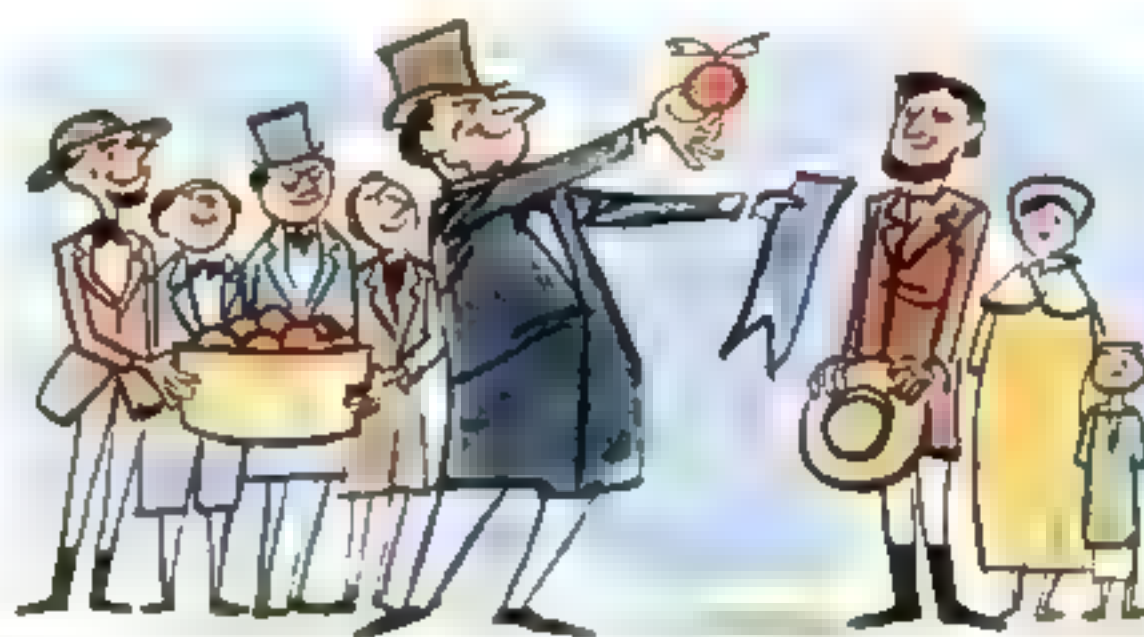
1544. In the first mention of the tomato in literature, Petrus Mattioli says "this fruit, brought to Italy in our time, is eaten in the same manner as mushrooms—fried in oil with salt and pepper." Franco American Spaghetti came later.



1619. An "object of affection," the tomato was grown in France as an ornamental cover for garden houses and arbours. French settlers brought a new name, "Pomme d'Amour" or "Love Apple," and recipes for ketchup to New Orleans in the late 1700s.



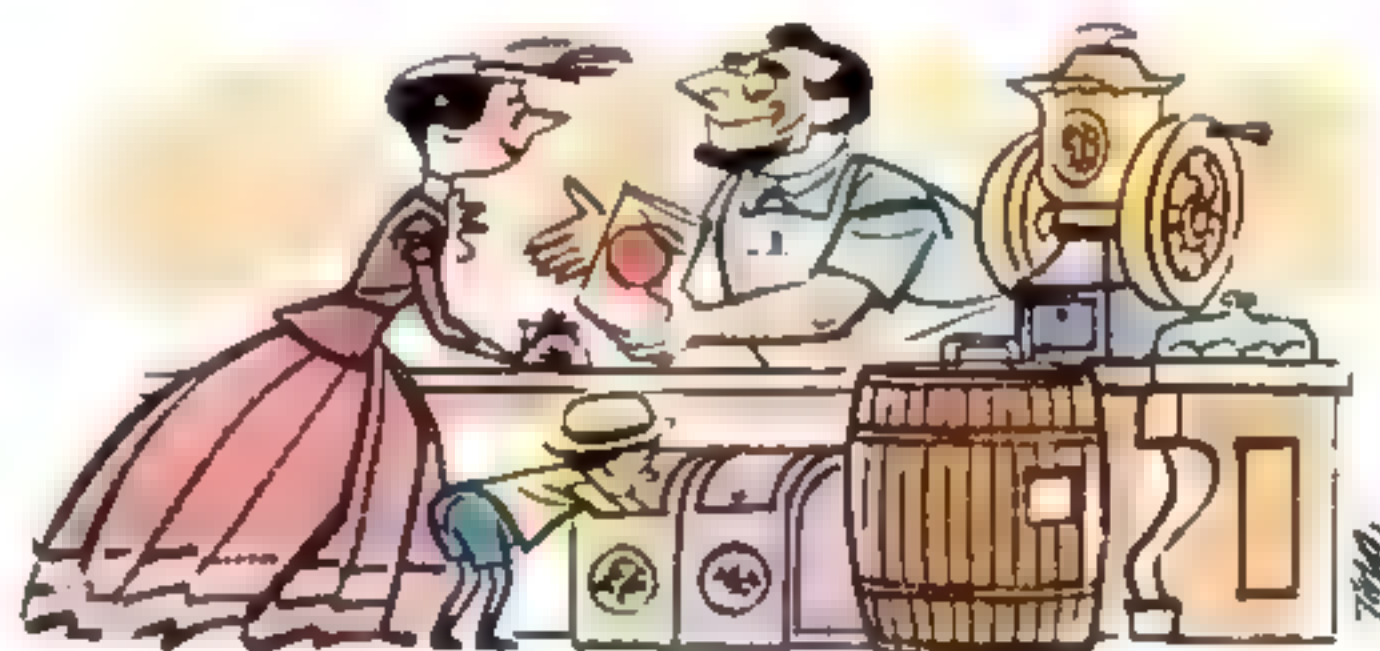
1820. Many thought tomatoes poisonous. Robert Gibbon Johnson made himself famous by eating a whole basket of them on the courthouse steps of Salem, N. J. Many in the crowd went home to sample—cautiously—a love apple.



1839. People were growing tomatoes, but still growing the old primitive kinds. This year, for the first time, a prize was offered for the best tomato by the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. If only the judges could have seen the Campbell Tomato of 1955!



1865. First new American variety introduced. It originated as a chance seedling in a field in Iowa. Nowadays nature gets help from plant scientists at Campbell's four agricultural research laboratories in the United States and Canada.



1898. 406 years after Columbus, housewives discover a bright tasting new product in their stores—Campbell's Tomato Soup. Campbell set out to become tomato specialists. The tomato as we know it today still did not exist—but it was on its way.

1955.

## The Campbell Tomato

It's the tomato flavor America knows best—the bright red juice, the glowing soup, the ketchup on the hamburger. It's the sauce on the spaghetti and the beans. Campbell's plant scientists and growers have never stopped trying to make it better, in line with our creed: "To make the best, begin with the best... then cook with extra care."



"We blend the best with careful pains  
In skillful combination.  
And every single can contains  
Our business reputation."



Tomato Soup • Tomato Juice • Tomato Ketchup • Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce  
V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juices • Franco-American Spaghetti (Tomato Sauce with Cheese)

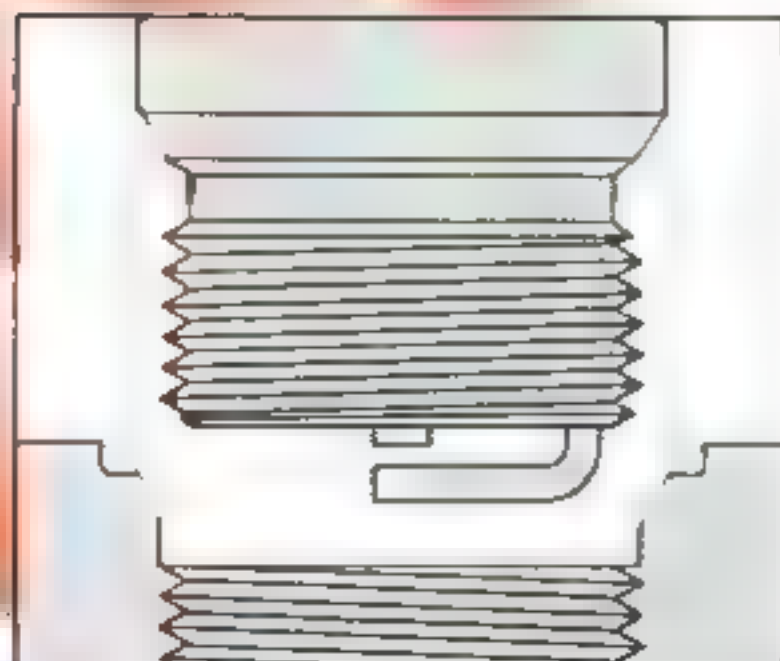


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Greater clearance in the firing end permits turbulent gases to keep the insulator free of harmful deposits. Heat range, the temperature zone in which spark plugs operate efficiently, is extended to the widest limits in automotive history.



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Because of their larger thread size and unique seating design, Champion **TURBO-ACTION** Spark Plugs can be installed only in engines specifically built to use them.

Your present car will continue to give you top performance with regular standard Champions.

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# THE LAST STOP AT WEST POINT

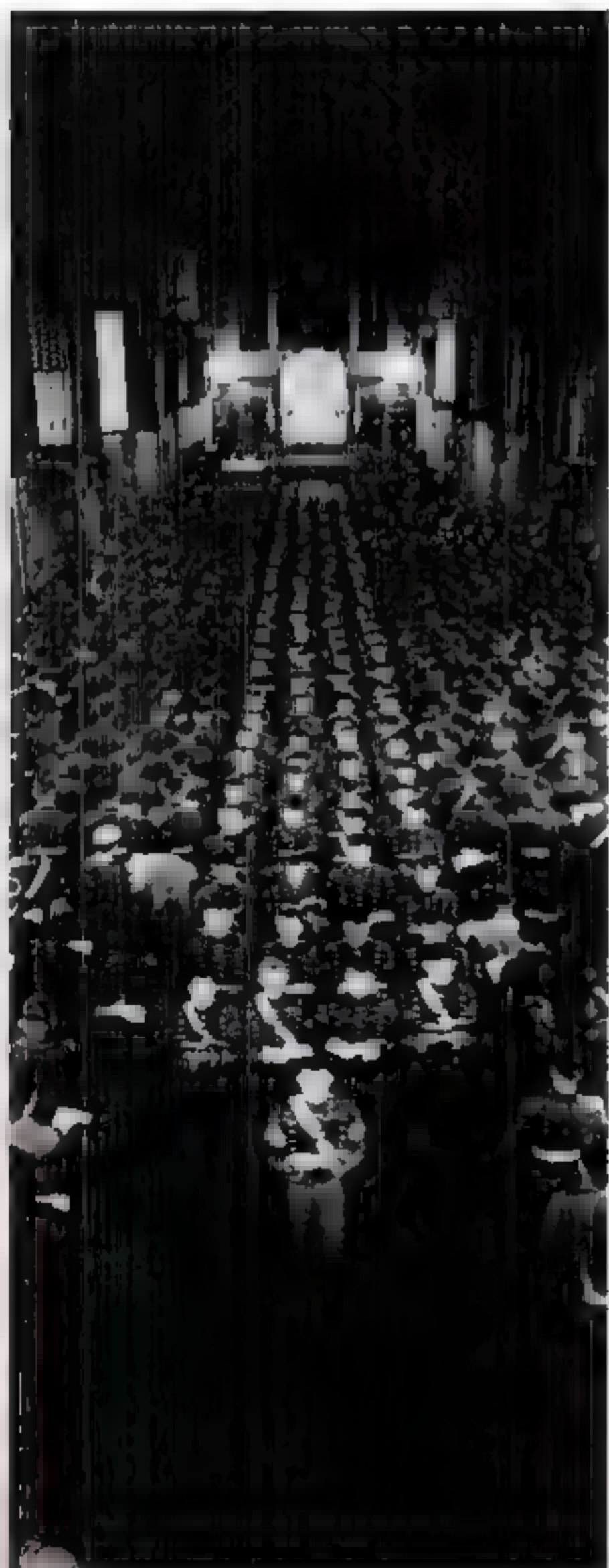


SURROUNDED BY A BATTERY OF 767 STOP KEYS, MAYER PLAYS A TRADITIONAL WEST POINT ANTHEM

## Musician who turned dream into a huge organ plays his farewell

To Frederick C. Mayer the organ shown above is a dream almost, but not quite, come true. Mayer's dream began in 1911 when he took over as organist and choirmaster at West Point and had to play on a modest three-keyboard, 2,406-pipe instrument. To improve it, Mayer launched a fund, encouraged alumni to contribute new stops, new divisions, new consoles. In 43 years the organ grew to four keyboards,

14,195 pipes, and is now the largest of any church in the U.S. Still to come is a special control system for combining stops, but Mayer has to relinquish that part of his dream. Forced by Civil Service regulations to retire at the age of 72, he this week played his final chords as academy organist. But as consultant by appointment of the President, he will certainly be back to play again on his beloved keyboard.







**WASHING CARS**, 50 cents gives customers choice of having a power pump (left) or a length of pump (right) above.



**BARBERSHOP BITE** is put by customer by accordionist J. C. Long and costumed Joe Barry. Boys a so called "long" station, 15 cents for pennies.



← LEAVING CHURCH, NEWLYWEDS WILLIAM AND ALENE SCHWEBKE PAY UP



DUCKING HAIL OF PENNIES TOSSED BY PUPILS ATTENDING A VARIETY SHOW

## PENNIES IN PLENTY

Busy Milwaukee students get halfway to their goal of raising a million cents for new school addition





IN GYM, TWO BOYS SWEEP UP LOOT WITH OBVIOUSLY INADEQUATE TOOLS

To satisfy a class whim to see a million of something and also raise money for an addition to their school, freshman math students at Milwaukee's Pius XI High School went out this fall to collect a million pennies. When pockets and piggy banks yielded only a few hundred coppers, almost the entire student body pitched in to perform chores around town, stipulating that they be paid in pennies. By last week their crusade had netted 520,000 pennies toward the \$10,000 goal. The pennies are all stashed away in a bank vault. "The question now," said one student, "is whether we make our million before Milwaukee runs out of pennies."

SENIOR PAUL SCHNACKENBERG SPRAWLS ON SCHOOL'S HAUL OF PENNIES—→



**THIRD SHOESHINE** in day is endured by Patrolman Ray Morawetz who, guarding pile of pennies, observed, "It's costing me more than I'm saving them."







**WRAPPING COOKIES**, wives of personnel in Newfoundland pad them against air-drop breakage.



**CUTTING TREE** in Newfoundland, men get ready to take care of one base's request for 30-foot tall fir.



**LOADED AT THULE**, the huge Greenland base, a helicopter gets set to take off for a Coast Guard

station 20 miles south. Thule was used as a transfer point for many of the gifts sent to small bases.

## GIFT LIFT TO THE NORTH

**Air Force flies a merry Christmas to 185 remote Arctic stations**

For the snowbound servicemen who guard the Arctic approaches to North America, Christmas is always white, and usually lonely. Since they cannot leave their stations to go home for the holidays, the Air Force's Northeast Air Command brings Christmas to them. This week NEAC ended its fifth and most successful annual Christmas "gift lift." By helicopter and cargo plane NEAC flew to each man an Air Force present of two dozen cookies, a pen and pencil set and books, plus gifts from the Red Cross and from home. All stations were given

Christmas trees and fixings for a turkey dinner.

The gift lift is a completely volunteer operation, from the wives of Air Force personnel in Newfoundland who baked 2,440 dozen cookies to the crews who flew more than 12,000 risky miles in 24-hour darkness to reach 185 remote bases. Where planes could not land because of snow, gifts were floated in by parachute. At Eureka (*right*), while a flare hung bright in the sky, five blazing oil barrels marked the drop zone on the ground, twinkling like Christmas stars in the vast and frosty northern night.



**UNLOADING ON THE ICECAP**, airmen carry gifts from sled to station which has sunk into polar

icecap from its own heat and weight. Only ventilators and hatches (*right*) are visible above snow.





**IN THE LIGHT OF A FLARE** parachutes are dropped at Fareka point U.S. Canadian weather base which set out burning oil drums to ring the drop zone

Bundles landed without damage. With flare reflected on its wing, plane circled station after drop while crew over radio wished merry Christmas to men below.





## Spray-Away

MISERY OF COLDS

### Sneezes, Sniffles

It's new! Mistol Mist, the modern nasal spray with *Neo-Synephrine*®. Contains no oil. One squeeze and medication spreads through nasal passages. Eases discomfort the same way your doctor does when he sprays your nose. Carry in pocket or purse, use anywhere. Get each of your family a bottle of Mistol Mist for personal use. Only 98¢—less than 1/3¢ per spray! For dropper-type relief, get Mistol in regular bottles.

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## Mistol MIST

A FLOUGH PRODUCT

Get the BEST  
for LESS...get  
100 TABLET BOTTLE 49¢



## MORE MEN SMOKE



## Prince Albert

than  
any other  
smoking  
tobacco



R. J. REYNOLDS  
Tobacco Co.,  
Winston-Salem, N. C.



**TOSSING TINSEL**, Arthur Coleman brightens up quarters at Cape Atholl. Decorated tree in corner is artificial,

delivered early because of uncertain weather. Real trees were sent to less remote stations just before Christmas.



**STOPPED IN HIS WORK** of taking gifts off plane at a remote Arctic installation, an airman in frosted face mask

finds a letter from home for himself. Unable to wait, he lets the unloading go while he reads the news from home.



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Looking for long battery life? Take a look at the *inside* facts of a Delco battery—where every inside inch that *ought* to be working *is* working. Every Delco battery is tailor-made to fit your specific need . . . your specific make of car. Every inch is an active storehouse of dependable power to give longer battery life in handling the increasing electrical demands of today's vehicles.



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# DELCO BATTERY

*Original equipment on more cars and trucks than any other brand*

A GENERAL MOTORS PRODUCT   A UNITED MOTORS LINE





**CASKS OF ALE**, in another detail from *Nativity* painting, rest on barrows outside the inn. Nearby, a merchant counts change while roosters scrounge for food in snow.



**HOG KILLING** occurs in view of villagers being numbered. As butcher cuts hog's throat, a woman catches the blood in pan. In the door another hog is held for killing.



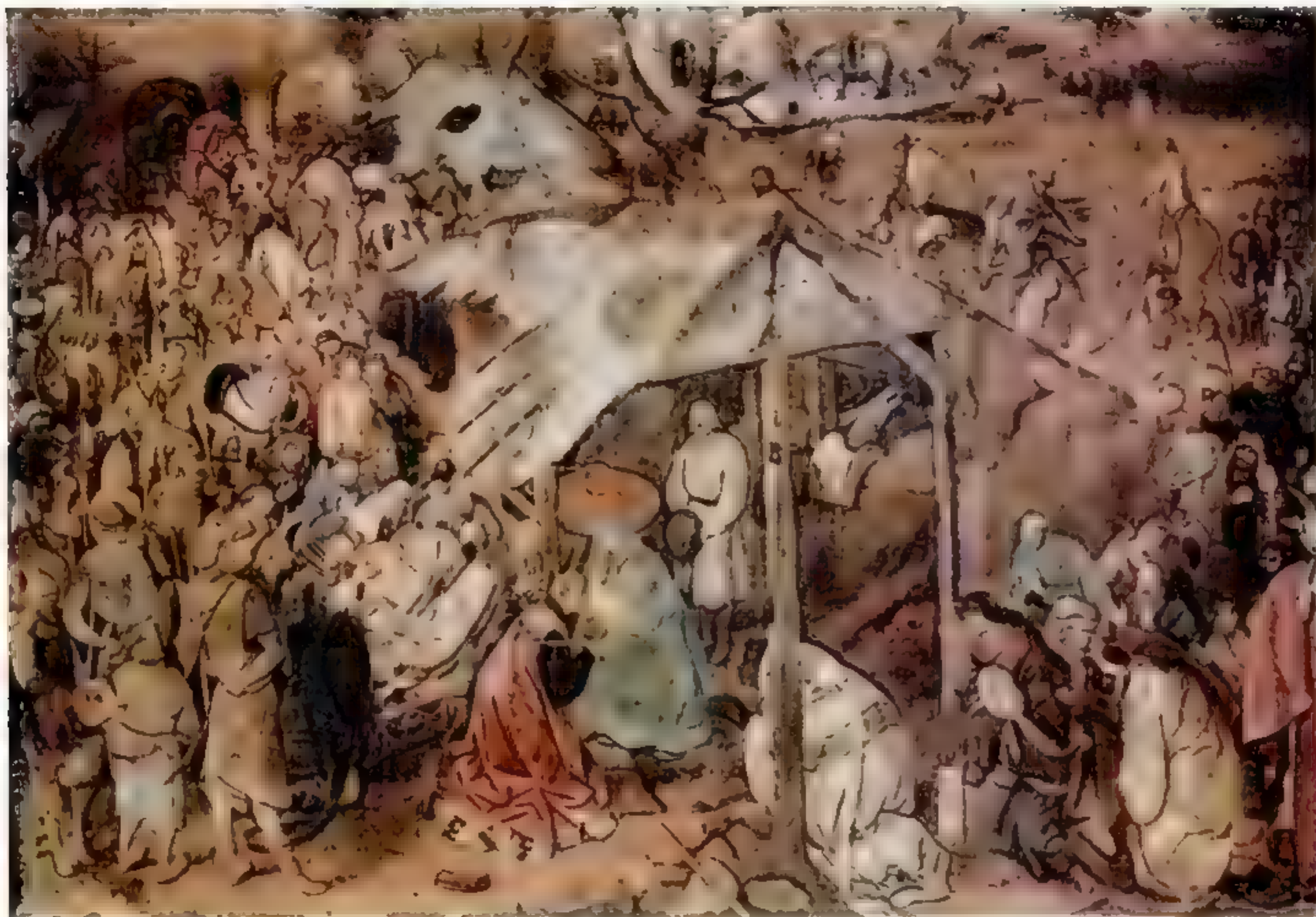




JOSEPH AND MARY approach the inn. A carpenter's saw over his shoulder, Joseph points way but Mary does not look up. See it's gentle as at he after nasser

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





ROYAL MUSEUM, BRUSSELS

**GIFTS IN HAND**, the Magi kneel before Infant Jesus while Mary and Joseph look on. In rear of shed, a donkey disturbs the hushed reverence with a bray.



**SOLEMN CAMELS** turn and lift their heads as if to catch a glimpse of the Christ Child. Oblivious of the animals, curious peasants crowd around the shed.

## The Magi's Motley Retinue

The motley thronged scene of the Adoration of the Magi was actually the first picture of the Christmas theme which Bruegel painted. Done when he was about 30—and now in damaged condition—it is the only one that retains a conventional approach to the subject. The Holy Family, for example, is placed noticeably in the center, and the Magi's retinue includes the traditional attachment of camels and an elephant. But Bruegel's genius for portraying plain people is already boldly in evidence in the press of onlookers—curious and worshipful, sad-eyed and glad—that enlivens the whole scene.



**PORTLY ELEPHANT**, with rider atop, is prodded by members of the retinue but refuses to budge. An Oriental figure on horseback rides up to spur him on.





**AWED ATTENDANTS** of Magi hover outside shed as a Moor with plumed hat (*left foreground*) steps forward with another gift for his master to present to

the Holy Babe. A monkey on the shoulders of his red hatted owner (*center*) seems caught up in the excitement and crouches forward as if in restless expectation.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





**THE MASSACRE** of infants takes place in the threatening presence of a troop of mounted soldiers. Other scenes on these pages are details from this painting.

## Slaying of the Innocents

In Bruegel's day almost every town fell victim to the cruelties of the Spanish soldiers seeking out political or religious non-conformists. Such acts the artist had in mind when he painted his *Massacre of the Innocents* portraying Herod's attempt to kill the Messiah by ordering the slaughter of all male children under the age of 2. The city of Bethlehem he transformed into a small Low Lands village; the soldiers of Herod were depicted in the uniforms and armor of the Spaniards; and the complete scene became the picture of his grieving, oppressed land.



**AN IMPLOING MOTHER** wrings her hands in anguish as one soldier roughly carts off her baby boy and another lunges menacingly toward her tiny daughter.



**MOU NTED OFFICERS**, directing the search, order their soldiers to batter down a door with rams and lances and climb into the house through the windows.





**IN RUTHLESS PURSUIT** a red-coated officer rides his plunging horse into the path of a frantic mother who, sheltering her baby in her arms, cries out in

terror as she flees. Sword in hand, a soldier wearing a grim smile bears down on his helpless prey while a village dog leaps over the snow, barking excitedly.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



MORE POWER FOR AMERICA

# "Hall of Quiet" helps engineers



**WORLD'S LARGEST "QUIET ROOM"** — big enough to hold an average 2-story house — is part of new sound laboratory at General Electric's transformer plant at Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Uncanny quiet produced by special wall construction enables instruments to measure every sound in huge power transformer. Engineers walk on mesh of spring steel wire, suspended above sound absorbing floor.

**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**



# to keep electricity today's greatest bargain

## General Electric builds spectacular new sound laboratory to help develop better equipment to keep electricity costs low

Close the 30-ton doors of the strange room you see opposite and you're in a world without sound. Walls nearly five feet thick, with a crazy-quilt pattern of fiber-glass wedges, shut out virtually all outside noise, stifle every echo. The room is so quiet you can hear your clothes rustle as you breathe. You might even hear your heart beat.

**General Electric engineers** use this laboratory to find new ways to reduce the noise made by big electric power transformers. In the awesome silence, sensitive instruments literally take sounds apart, pin-point and measure the barest whisper.

**Finding the answers** to quieter transformers is one way to help electricity serve you better. Used in local substations, transformers convert the high-voltage electricity from distant power stations to lower voltages suitable for distribution in residential areas. The quieter transformers are, the closer these substations can be located to homes and stores, and the easier it is for electric utilities to meet your growing needs for more and more low-cost electric power.

**The new Sound Laboratory** is only one of the extensive development facilities which enable General Electric to make continuous improvements in all kinds of apparatus for the generation, control and distribution of electricity—resulting in greater efficiency and reduced cost of operation.

**America's progressive electric utilities** have consistently passed the benefits of this progress on to you. While everything else has doubled or tripled in price over the past few years, electricity now costs you half as much as it did twenty years ago—truly today's greatest bargain! General Electric Co., Schenectady 5, N. Y.

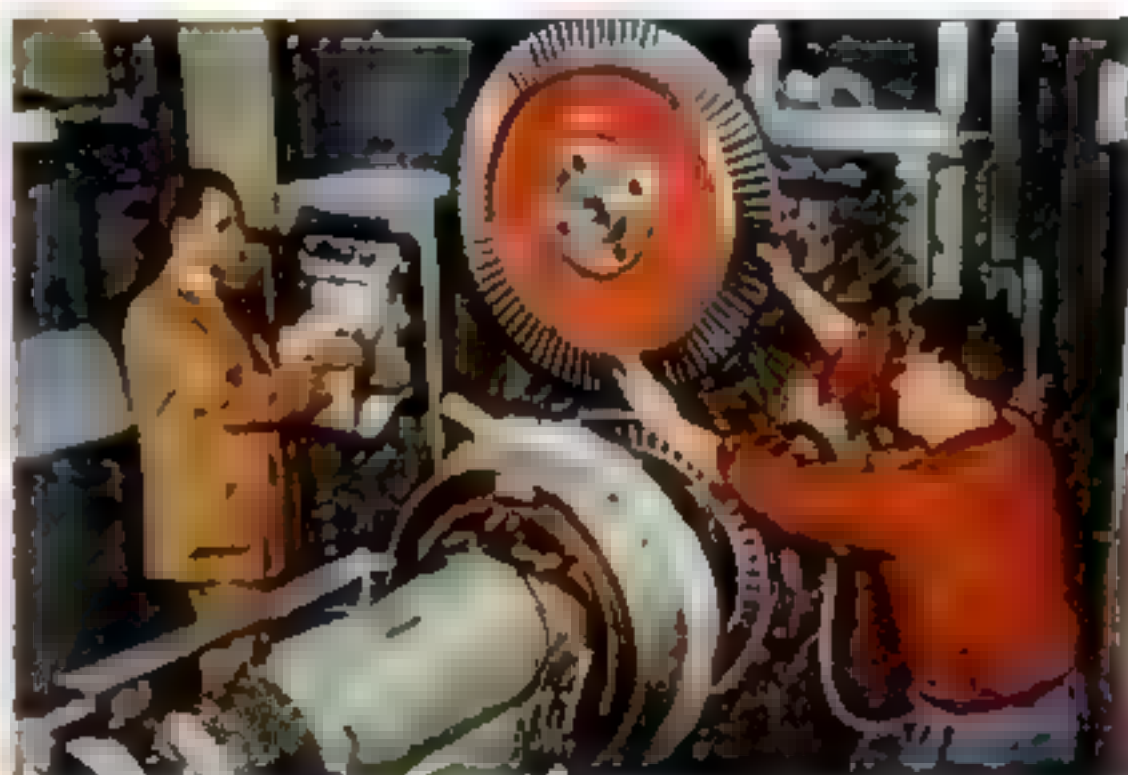
954-6

*See your favorite stars in the finest TV dramas on the General Electric Theater, with Ronald Reagan as your host each Sunday night, CBS-TV.*



**ANSWER TO YOUR DEMANDS** for more electricity for better living is the modern metal-clad electric substation, shown above. Compact, unobtrusive design enables such substations to be located close to homes for most efficient electric service. And quiet operation made possible by continuing General Electric research makes unit substations good neighbors!

## How advanced laboratory methods help develop improved equipment



**MAN-MADE CYCLONE** produced in this machine tests new designs for steam turbine wheels. Improved steam turbines help to make possible today's low-cost electricity.



**BETATRON**, 15,000,000-volt tool used to evaluate metal casting developments, can show flaws inside more than a foot of steel. This helps engineers design turbine-generators that keep electricity dependable.

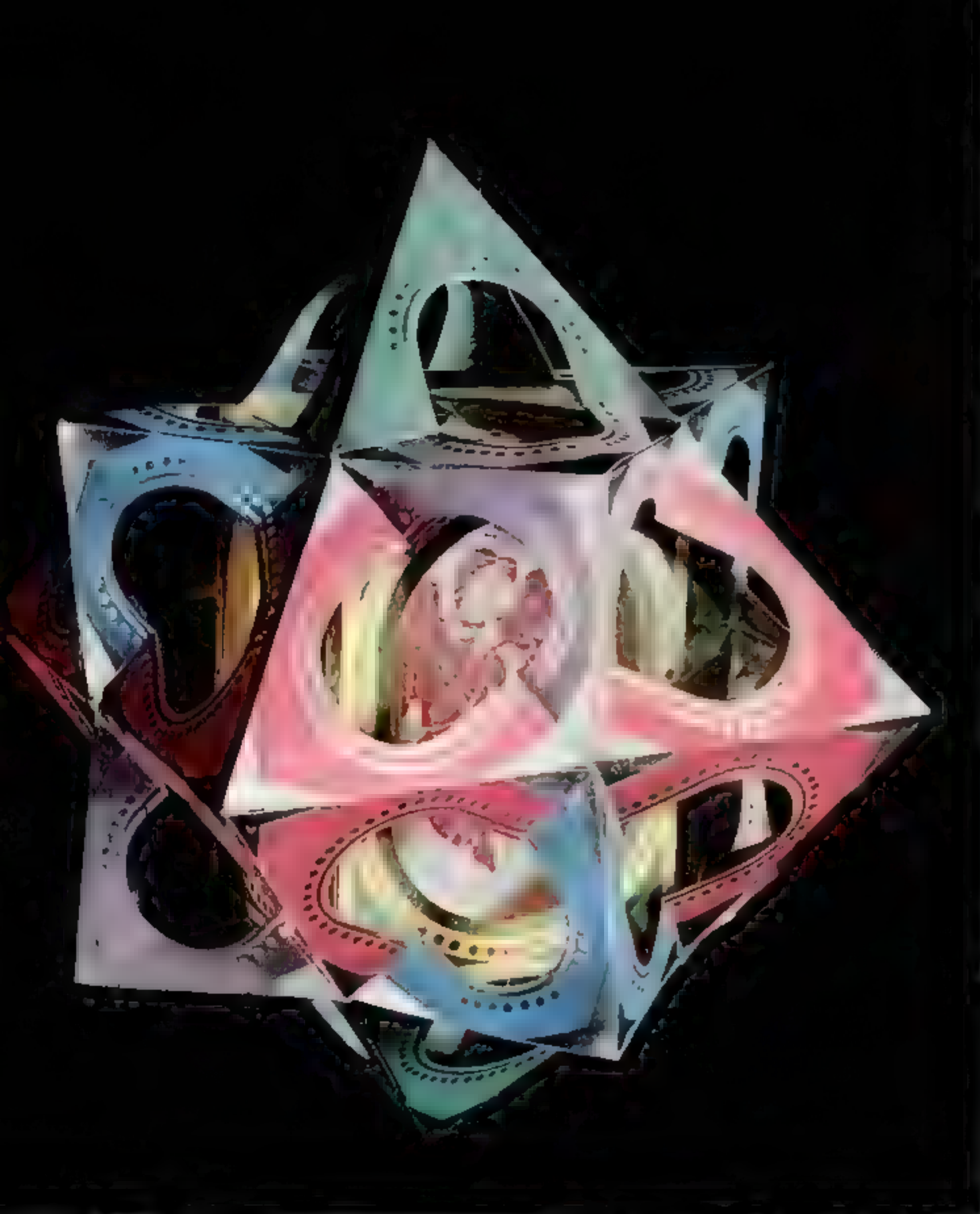


**PHOTO-ELASTIC TEST** uses polarized light to show stress patterns in turbine buckets. G-E laboratory facilities like this provide fundamental data on which new designs are based.

*Progress Is Our Most Important Product*

**GENERAL**  **ELECTRIC**





ORNAMENT CONSISTS OF A 14-POINTED STAR INSIDE OF WHICH IS A BOX WHICH HOLDS FOUR ANGELS

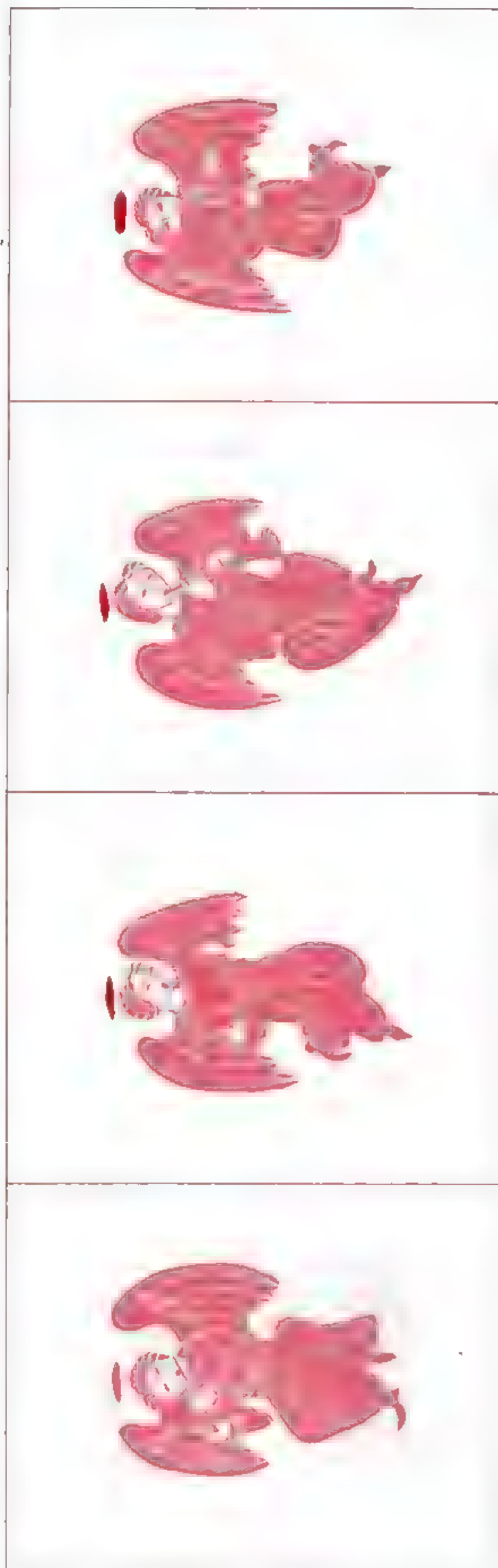
# A NEW STAR FOR CHRISTMAS

Printed cutout can be made at home

One Christmas Eve, according to legend, Martin Luther was inspired by the stars shining overhead. Luther cut a fir tree and covered it with candles so his children would know how the heavens looked the night Jesus was born. With this inspiration, the legend goes on, began our tradition of the Christmas tree and its decorations. For *LIFE* this Christmas, Designer Karl Koehler has created a star which any family with a little patience can put together. It is shown assembled above. Its components—the many-pointed star, the box it encloses and the angels within the box—are printed on this and the following pages.

Assembling the star requires scissors, a sharp knife or single-edge razor blade,

cellophane tape and careful following of instructions found by turning the page. First, the following four pages must be lifted as a sheet from the magazine without tearing. Then cut the strip of angels from this page and assemble with the box according to instructions. Designer Koehler suggests that only half the star be cut out at first, for, once cut, the arrows indicating joints will be lost. But the joints can be determined from the arrows left on other half, which is identical to the first. When assembling the halves, care must be taken to match the letters on the blue side—A with A, B with B, etc. Once the halves are partially joined, the box can be inserted and the star completed, ready for hanging on the tree.









# HOW TO ASSEMBLE THE STAR

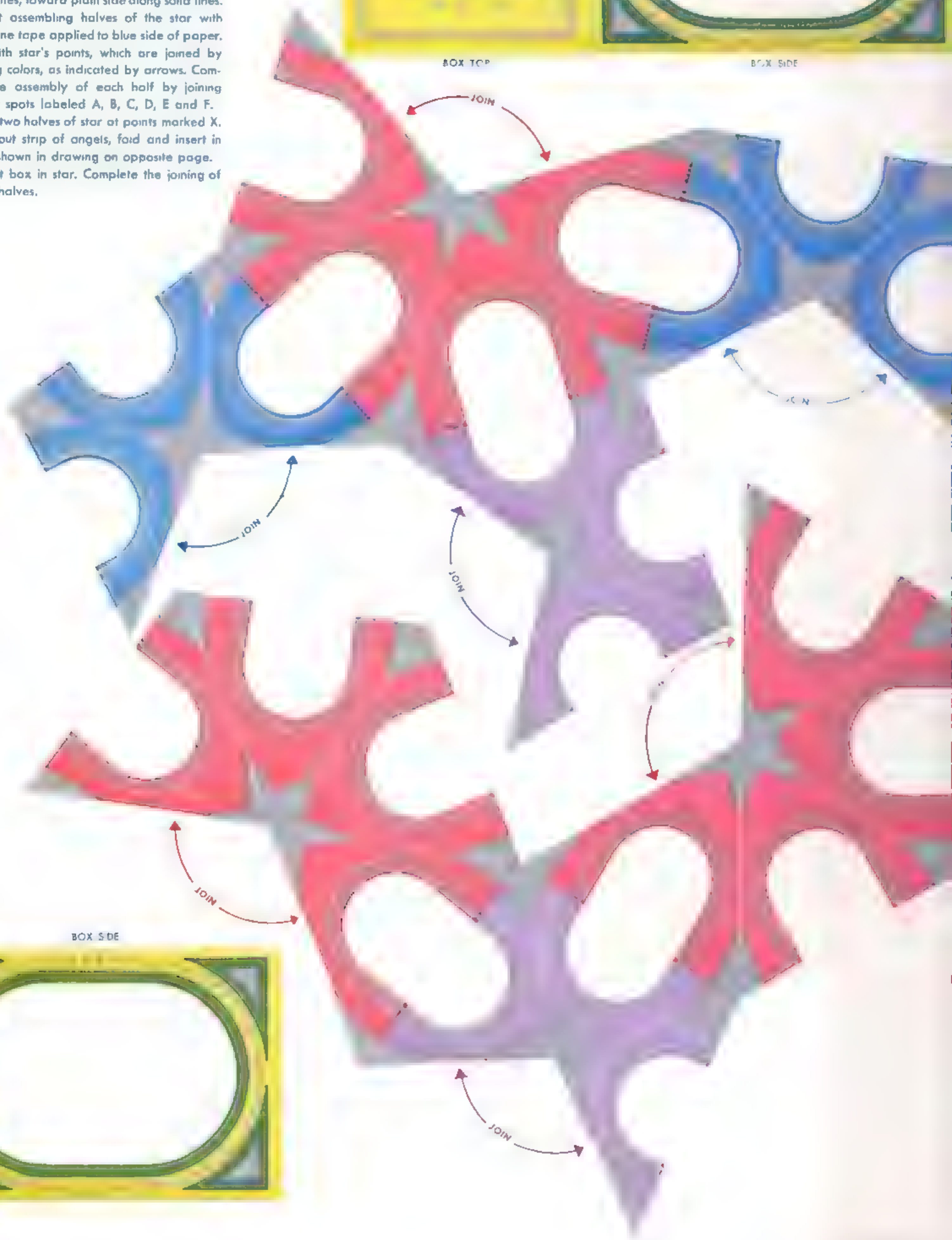
- 1—Cut out colored sections with small scissors or knife.
- 2—Score dotted and solid lines with back of table knife for sharp folds.
- 3—Bend paper toward colored side along dotted lines, toward plain side along solid lines.
- 4—Start assembling halves of the star with cellophane tape applied to blue side of paper. Begin with star's points, which are joined by matching colors, as indicated by arrows. Complete the assembly of each half by joining together spots labeled A, B, C, D, E and F.
- 5—Join two halves of star at points marked X.
- 6—Cut out strip of angels, fold and insert in box as shown in drawing on opposite page.
- 7—Insert box in star. Complete the joining of the two halves.



BOX TOP



BOX SIDE



BOX SIDE











for your new or present car

# The GENERAL Nygen<sup>®</sup> Tubeless Tire



## with 4-way Safety

### **New Puncture Protection**

*Seals as it rolls!*

General has perfected the Puncture-Sealing Safety Principle in this tire that seals as it rolls. An accident-prevention feature on the highway and in traffic. A boon to women drivers. No repairs needed after nails and other puncturing objects are removed.

### **Nygen Blowout Protection**

*Stronger than steel!*

Pound for pound, NYGEN Cord is stronger than steel cables—and only General has it. This astounding strength has been proved in the most convincing tests ever given tire cord. No other tire has NYGEN strength and blowout protection.

### **Safety Pressure Lock**

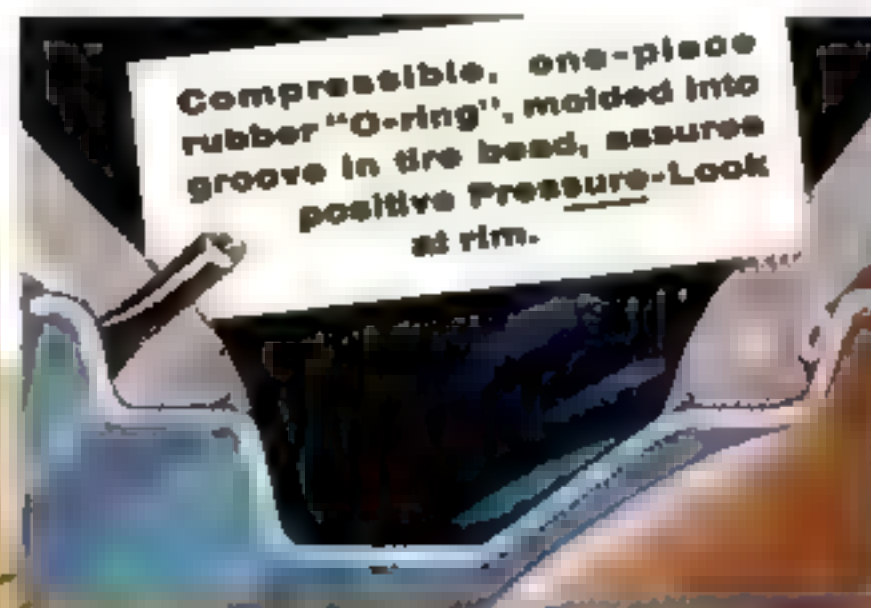
*Locks in air at rim!*

General's exclusive PRESSURE-LOCK embodies the same "O-ring" principle used on huge compressors to retain thousands of pounds of pressure, and in submarine seals to withstand tons of water pressure.

### **15,000 Cross-Tread Squeezes**

*For quicker, safer stops!*

"Cross-tread squeezes"—thousands of them around the tread of the tire—add cat's paw sureness in wet, slippery going. The precision, crescent shape of each "squeegee" adds quiet running and slow wear to amazing stopping power.



Compressible, one-piece rubber "O-ring", molded into groove in tire head, assures positive Pressure-Lock at rim.



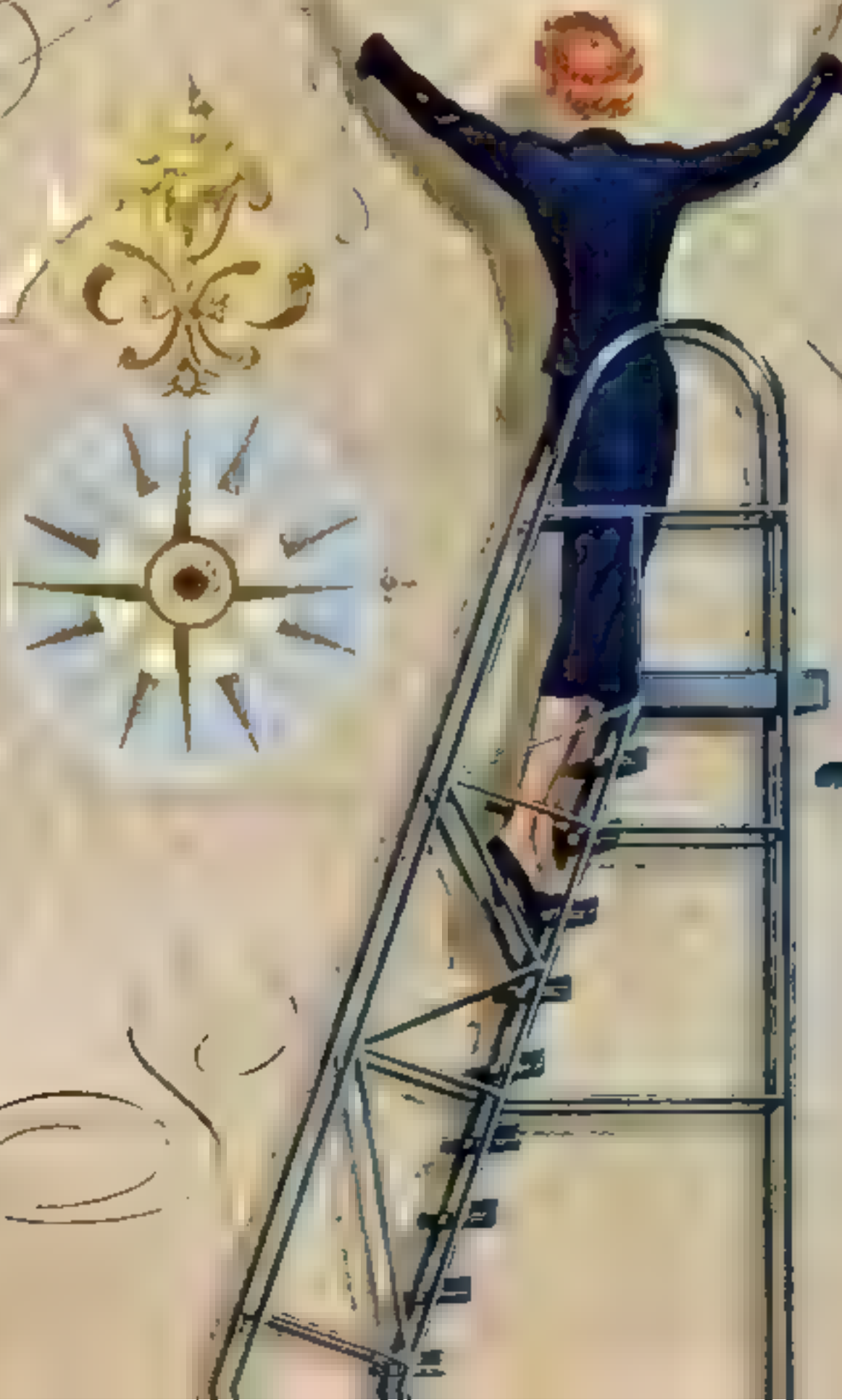
**THE  
GENERAL  
TIRE**

Only Generals have Nygen

The General Nygen Tubeless Tire fits your new or present car without change of wheels or rims



*Rock*










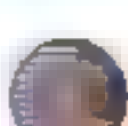






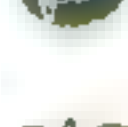
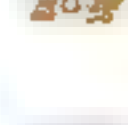
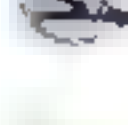
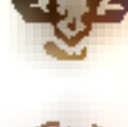




YOU CAN FLY MORE PLACES  
ON FAMILIAR SUPER  
CONSTELLATIONS THAN ON  
ANY OTHER LONG-RANGE  
TRANSPORT IN THE WORLD

Leadership demands constant achievement

Map shows major routes of these 18 Super Constellation airlines:

(Figures represent total unduplicated route miles for each airline.)

	Air France 162,000
	Air-India International 16,100
	AVIANCA (Colombia) 28,500
	Cubana (Cuba) 8,600
	Deutsche Lufthansa (Germany) 11,200
	Eastern Air Lines 12,700
	Iberia (Spain) 41,000
	KLM (Holland) 144,000
	LAV (Venezuela) 16,700
	Northwest Orient Airlines 17,300
	Pakistan International 5,200
	QANTAS Empire Airways 68,800
	Seaboard & Western (All-cargo routes applied for)
	TAP (Portugal) 11,300
	Thai Airways (Thailand) 19,700 (proposed)
	Trans-Canada Air Lines 19,000
	TWA-Trans World Airlines 33,000
	VARIG (Brazil) 19,000

Insigmas on map show air-  
line headquarters.

# Every month another airline starts *Super Constellation Service*

To you this means that soon you can fly more places faster, in greater comfort than ever before... on big, fast, luxurious transports that are world-renowned for dependability—Lockheed Super Constellations... now with turbo-compound power.

Already more new Super Constellations are being built to airline order than any other comparable air transport... ordered by more than twice as many leading world airlines. So many, in fact, that every month during 1954 a different airline started Super Constellation service. This record is continuing in 1955.

More world airlines (18) have ordered the Super Constellation than any comparable transport—worth remembering next time you fly.

## Lockheed

AIRCRAFT CORP., BURBANK, CALIFORNIA, AND MARIETTA, GEORGIA

Look to Lockheed for Leadership





*Taking our seats, we cast off*

# THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON

Long-forgotten drawings by author's son recreate the family's famous adventures

*About 150 years ago, Johann Wyss wrote The Swiss Family Robinson for his family, and his son made color drawings to illustrate the manuscript. The story was later published, but the pictures, not included*

*in published editions, lay unseen in family archives. Now, for the first time in the U.S., LIFE presents the rare manuscript drawings and with them a condensation of the adventures of the shipwrecked family.*



*Our dog Turk suddenly seized a monkey and Fritz rushed to the rescue*





*Finding the dogs in desperate combat with a dozen or more jackals, we fired our guns*



*The monkey became a pet*

AMID the roar of the thundering waves, the ship struck with a frightful shock. "Lower away the boats," shouted the captain.

What was my horror when I raced on deck and beheld the only remaining boat leave the ship, the last of the seamen pushing off regardless of my cries that they wait for us.

Yet I became gradually aware that our position was by

no means hopeless, and I returned to my terrorized family below, saying "Courage! Our good ship will never sail more, but if the waves abate, we should be able to get ashore."

"Can't we each get into a big tub and float there?" asked my bold son Jack. "A capital idea," cried I.

So, when the gale moderated, we sawed four large casks across the middle and then had eight tubs which we nailed together as a raft. Taking our seats, we cast off.

In the first tub sat my wife, wearing a sailor's suit. Next came Franz, nearly 8; then Fritz, 15. The two center tubs contained supplies and food. Then came Jack, who was 11; next Ernest, 13. I stood in the stern, endeavoring to guide the raft.

Our passage, though tedious, was safe and we landed on the shore of a small bay. After offering thanks to God for our merciful escape, we erected a tent in which to pass the night. Next day, having discerned palms beyond the cliffs around us, Fritz and I decided to examine the country and, if possible, ascertain the fate of our late companions.

For three hours we pushed forward, through forest and

thicket, finding coconuts, sugar cane and calabash gourds. When our dog Turk, ravenous from hunger, suddenly seized a monkey, Fritz rushed to the rescue. It was in vain, but the monkey's baby leaped on Fritz, who kept him as a pet.

Ere long we were back at the tent, and I told the rest, "Our expedition has been very satisfactory, except that we have entirely failed to discover any trace of our shipmates."

In the night a loud barking from our two dogs awakened us, and the cackling of poultry we had brought ashore warned us that a foe was approaching. Rushing out from the tent, we found the dogs in desperate combat with a dozen or more jackals. Fortunately, when we fired our guns, the pack galloped off.

Once more we lay down on our beds, falling asleep with memories of my good wife's thankful words: "If it be the will of God to leave us alone on this solitary place, let us be content and rejoice that we are all together in safety."



*A jackal which galloped off*





*The iguana looked formidable*



*The flamingo became tame*



*While acting out a curious pantomime before admiring birds, the ruffed grouse suddenly fell from its perch, cruelly shot dead by the overhasty Fritz*





*We marched inland with our animals, seeming like a nomad tribe*

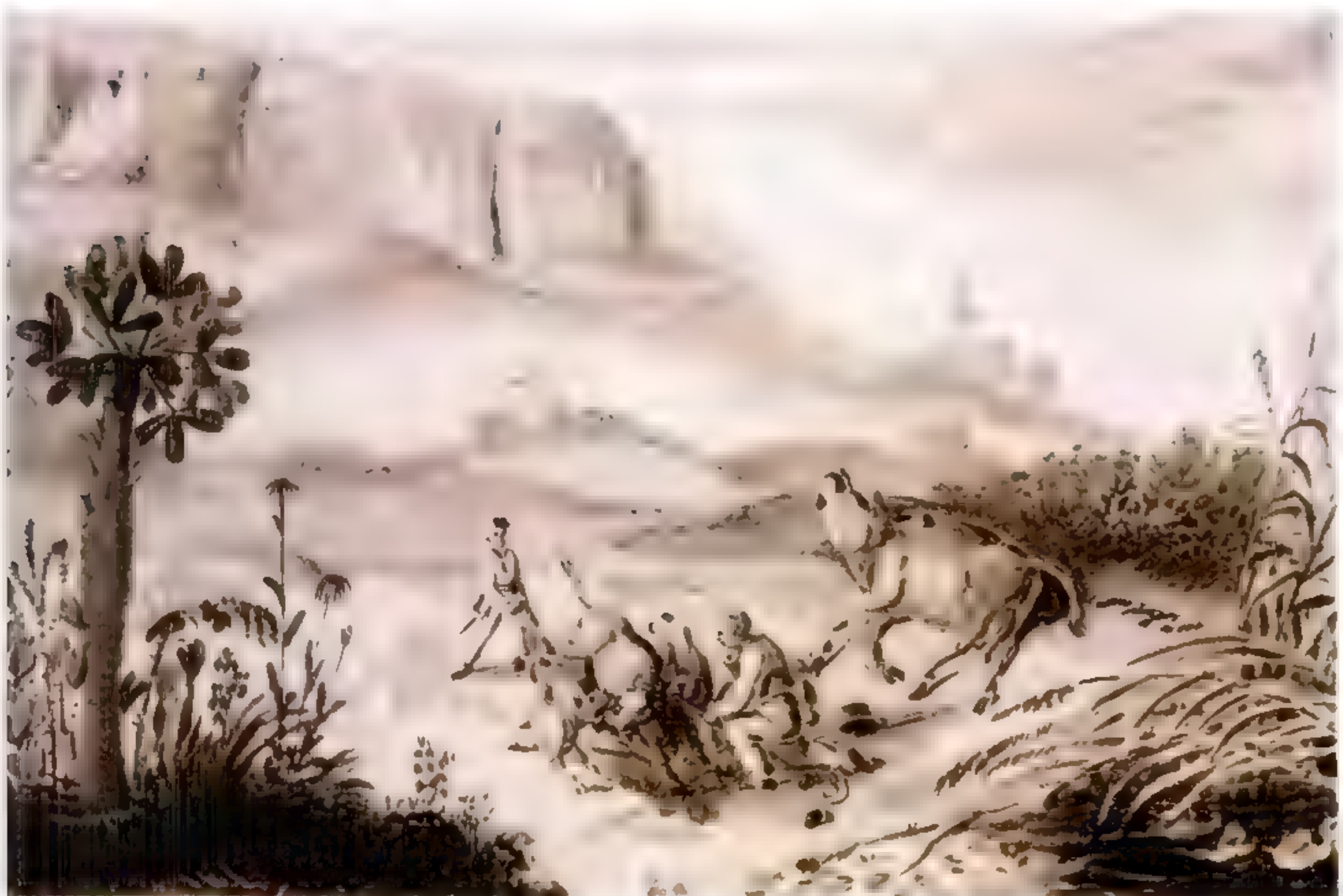
IN the weeks that followed, we made repeated visits to the shipwreck, which had on board every conceivable article we could use in our present situation. We brought ashore not only countless supplies but all the livestock as well.

During this time, too, we set off to find a permanent abode. We marched inland with all our animals, and Ernest remarked that we seemed delightfully like some nomad tribe. Then, at a place with enormous trees, my wife gladly heard me say that, if an abode could be contrived among the branches, it would be the safest house in the world. And so began the

building of a tree house which we eventually named Falconhurst.

Meanwhile, the boys caught a flamingo which they tamed, and Jack found a formidable-looking iguana which I killed. Another time Fritz and I observed a ruffed grouse acting out a curious pantomime before admiring birds, but it suddenly fell from its perch, cruelly shot dead by my overhasty son.

Once, we were charged by buffaloes and only after I shot the leader did the herd turn and run. Jack, however, lassoed a buffalo calf and in a twinkling the beast was on the ground. Soon subdued, it served us as another beast of burden.



*After I shot the leader of the buffalo herd Jack lassoed a calf and it was quickly on the ground*





*Throwing some water and pith into the trough, we set to work*

ON a family expedition one day, Ernest discovered the world-renowned sago palm and, after much labor, contrived to fell one of the trees. "If we could but split it," said he, "we might make a couple of useful water troughs."

We went to the palm and at length split the trunk in twain. Then, from each half we removed the pith, which I knew would make an edible dough. "Now, boys," I said, "I am going to teach you to knead." Throwing some water and pith into one of the troughs just made, we set to work. As the dough was formed and properly kneaded, I handed it to the mother, who spread it out on a cloth to dry. Later, it made fine food for us.

One morning, braying his approach, our donkey appeared from the forest. To our surprise, another animal trotted behind him, slim and graceful as a horse. "Fritz," said I, "that is an onager!" Quietly we made one end of a cord fast to a tree and at the other end made a running noose. In a moment the noose left Fritz's adroit hand and fell round the onager's neck.

Everyone hastened up to examine the animal as she struggled to get free. After a while she quieted down and stood exhausted, whereupon I tied her up for the night. Next morning I found her as wild as ever and I resolved to adopt a plan practiced by the American Indians.

I sprang upon the onager's back and, seizing her long ear in my teeth, bit it through. The animal ceased plunging and, quivering violently, stood stock still. From that moment we were her masters, and she carried the children obediently and quietly. Proud, indeed,

did I feel as I watched this animal, which naturalists and travelers have declared to be beyond the power of man to tame, guided about by my sons.

As we gathered acorns one evening, Ernest shouted from a bush. "Come! Quick! Ruffed grouse!" We hurried to the spot. There he was with a fluttering bird in each hand, while he endeavored to prevent our greedy little monkey from seizing eggs in the nest. We quickly tied the legs of the bird and removed the eggs, which we placed in Ernest's hat. At home I handed them over to my wife, who managed the mother bird so cleverly that she induced her to return to the eggs, and in a few days we had 15 beautiful ruffed grouse chicks.

One day we saw a huge stranded whale on the beach of an island. I decided to return and see if we could turn it to good account. We came back, equipped with knives and hatch-

ets. "Now boys," said I, "let me see if you can face the work of climbing this mountain of flesh and cutting it up." For two days we worked, filling casks with slabs of blubber which would provide oil for our lanterns. Then we abandoned the remains to the birds of prey and sailed home with our cargo.

Two days later on Whale Island, as we now called it, the boys went off in search of shells. Presently Jack came back, shouting loudly, "There is an enormous skeleton of some great beast here—a mammoth, I should think!" We went to inspect Jack's mammoth skeleton which, of course, proved to be neither more nor less than that of the whale.



*"Quick!" he cried. "Ruffed grouse!"*



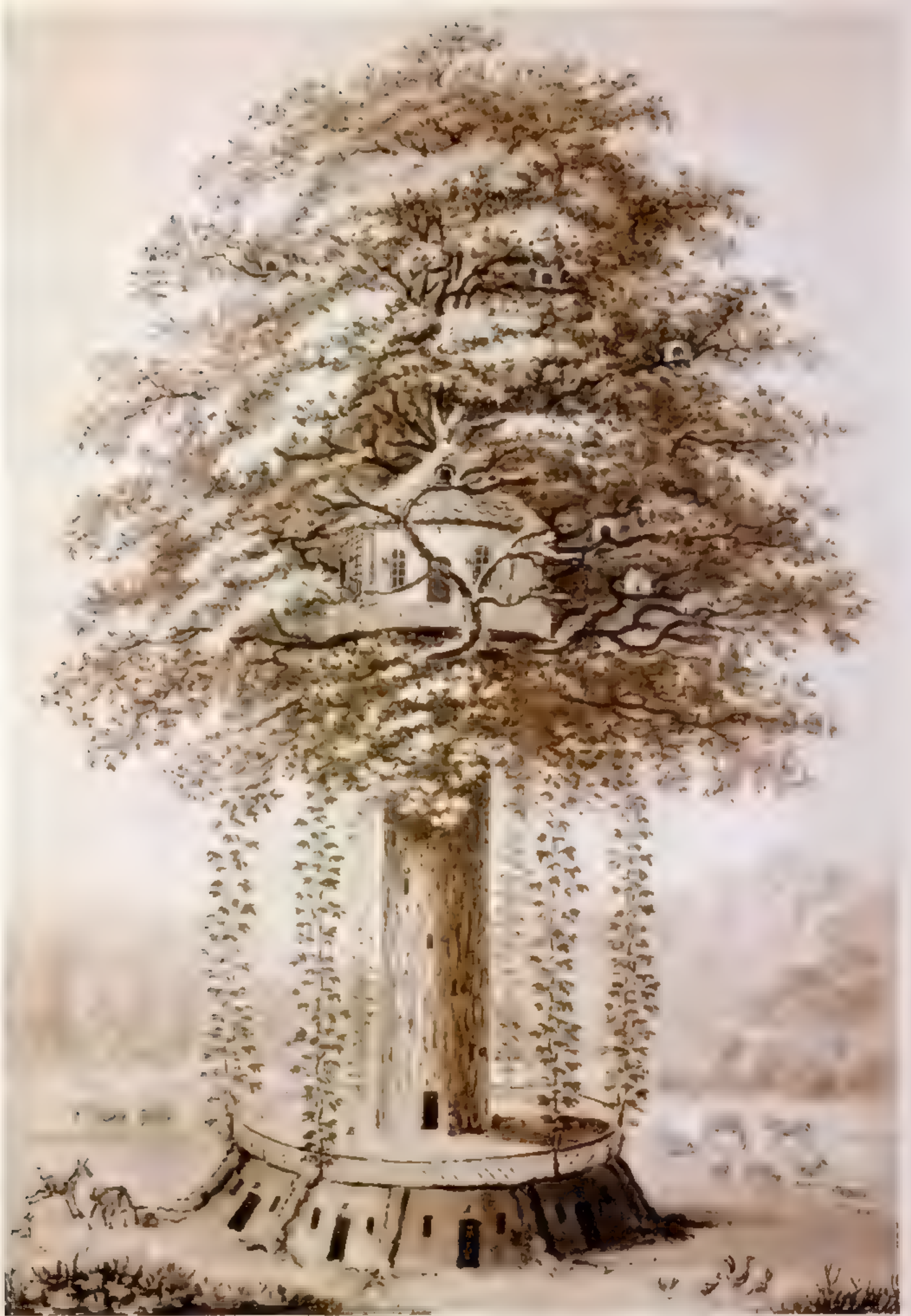


*Everyone hastened up to examine the onager as she struggled to get free*



*Jack's mammoth skeleton proved to be neither more nor less than that of the whale*





*The tree house, our dear old residence at Falconhurst, was complete*





*As we rushed forward, Ernest called out, "A bear, a bear, father! He is coming after me!"*

THE tree house, our dear old residence at Falconhurst, received numerous improvements. At first we climbed to our nest by scaling a ladder, but one day my wife asked if I could not make a flight of steps to reach it. "Within the trunk," said I, "it might be possible to make some stairs."

The laborious task occupied us for a whole month. At the base of the trunk we formed an opening for a door. Next we cleared out the rotten wood inside until we could look up the trunk and see the sky overhead. Then, cutting windows as we went, we erected spiral stairs in the trunk until at length we reached the level of the floor of the nest above.

Later on, to provide shelter for the animals, we made a roof over the vaulted roots of our tree. Below the roof I divided the area into several compartments. Stables, poultry yard, hay and provision lofts, dairy, kitchen, larder and dining hall were united under one roof.

Falconhurst was now completed, but during the rainy season we found we were obliged to retreat to the trunk, which made our dwelling indeed crowded. That and damage to the nest made me resolve to contrive more stable quarters to meet the next winter.

Fritz proposed that we should hollow out a cave in the rock. We set about the task, but after 10 days of toil we luckily broke through into a great cavern formed of rock salt. We immediately decided that Falconhurst should thereafter be kept up merely as a summer residence, and, in the days that followed, our cave was formed into a winter house and impregnable castle we called Rockburg.

After passing our second winter on the

island at Rockburg, we set off on a great expedition to last for several weeks. One day we lost sight of Ernest for a moment, and then arose a cry of terror. As we rushed forward, Ernest called out, "A bear, a bear, father! He is coming after me!"

To my no small consternation an enormous bear made his appearance at the mouth of a cave, quickly followed by another. With leveled guns my brave Fritz and I advanced slowly to meet them. Meanwhile the dogs pressed closely round the monsters, who defended themselves furiously, with frightful yells of rage. Watching our opportunity, we suddenly fired and both animals fell dead, one shot through the head, the other, in the act of rearing to spring on Fritz, received his charge in its heart. "Thank Heaven!" cried I. "We have escaped the greatest peril we have yet encountered!"

We dragged the huge carcasses into their den and returned the next morning to skin them. "There appears to be a jealous watcher," Fritz called out. The Watcher, as he called it, was an immense condor guarding the entrance to the cave, but it flew away when Fritz fired his gun.

To work we now went on the bears and at last succeeded in skinning and cutting them up, preserving the paws to be cooked as a delicacy. The bones we drew to some distance and made the birds of the air most welcome to feast upon them. This, with the assistance of all sorts of insects, they did so effectually that before we left the place the skulls were picked perfectly clean and were ready for us to carry home to our Museum of Natural History—a collection of treasures which gave us equal pleasure and instruction.



*The Watcher*





*We fastened the ostrich between two calves and walked it home*

WHEN, one day, Jack managed to lasso an ostrich, the bird struggled with such violence that I almost despaired of getting him home alive. But remembering how the natives of India secure a newly captured elephant, we fastened the ostrich between our two calves. A fruitless struggle ensued, and the boys then walked the prisoner home. Eventually I succeeded in taming the bird. After that we all learned to ride Master Hurricane and the distance between Rockburg and Falconhurst was traversed in an incredibly short space of time.

We enjoyed other conveniences, too. From the filaments of karatas leaves we made thread; and from the wax of the *Myrica cerifera* berry we made candles. With the juice from rubber trees we even manufactured our own boots and shoes.

Many quiet days passed by and the boys proposed an

expedition. Near a swamp one day they were startled by hearing, as they thought, human laughter. Franz made his way among the bushes with his gun until he could see an enormous hyena uttering the ghastly sound. Firing both barrels, Franz wounded the beast, but it stubbornly engaged itself in mortal strife with the dogs. However the tiger-wolf, as it is sometimes called, speedily succumbed and was dead when Fritz reached the spot.

At a distant plantation where we were growing sugar cane, fearful ravages faced us. Thick posts in a barricade were snapped across like reeds, and the sugar cane plants were all devoured or trampled down. The area had without a doubt been visited by elephants. I saw that their footprints could be traced not only from a nearby gap but back to it. We therefore concluded that the elephants had withdrawn to their native wilds.



*A distant plantation, where we were growing sugar cane, was ravaged by elephants*





*Although wounded by shots from little Franz, the hyena engaged itself in mortal strife with the dogs*





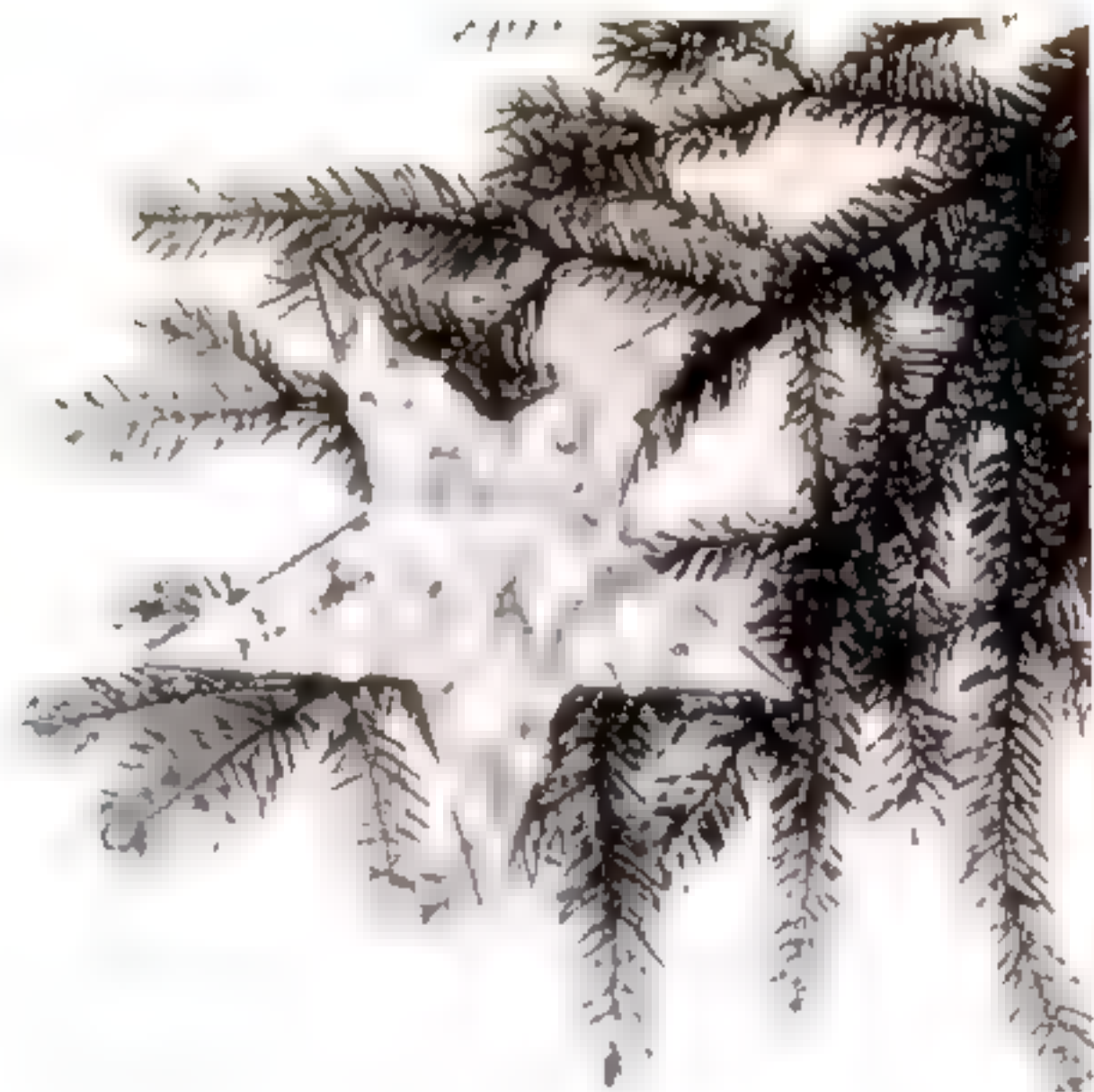
## the boy and the Star

*He is old enough now to know that the ornament on the tree is more than simply a star . . . to understand the deeper meaning of Christmastime.*

*Now he knows that it is love that has been shining on the tree year after year, the love that has wrapped and held him . . . that has given him food and warmth and laughter and the promise of joy to come.*

Life's great reward is the privilege of giving security to those we love—yet it is possible only in a country like ours.

And, think: When you make *your* home secure you are also helping make America secure. For the strength of America grows as the number of its secure homes increases.



### **Saving for security is easy! Read every word—now!**

If you've tried to save and failed, chances are it was because you didn't have a *plan*. Well, here's a savings system that really works—the Payroll Savings Plan for investing in U. S. Savings Bonds. This is all you do. Go to your company's pay office, choose the amount you want to save—a few dollars a payday, or as much as you wish. That money will be set aside for you before you even draw your pay. And automatically invested in Series "E" U. S. Savings Bonds which are turned over to you.

If you can save only \$3.75 a week on the Plan, in 9 years and 8 months you will have \$2,137.30. If you can save as much as \$18.75 a week, 9 years and 8 months will bring you \$10,700!

U. S. Series "E" Savings Bonds earn interest at an average of 3% per year, compounded semiannually, when held to maturity! And they can go on earning interest for as long as 19





AUTHOR  
Johann David Wyss

# THE REAL SWISS WYSSSES

*The curious story of how The Swiss Family Robinson came to be written is told below by Robert L. Wyss, an art historian of Bern, who inherited the illustrated manuscript.*

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON was never meant to be published. At least that was never the intention of my great-great-grandfather during all those months some 150 years ago when he painstakingly set down the story in 841 pages of manuscript. Johann David Wyss was only playing the role of a devoted father, recording the adventures which he and his sons made up as they went along and which they decided to keep in handwritten form for their own pleasure.

This kind of group activity was characteristic of the Wyss family. Johann David Wyss was rector of the Reformed Protestant cathedral in Bern, but he spent all his spare time with his four sons, going with them on long hikes and hunting trips and inspiring them with his own love of nature. Together at home they liked to read and discuss travel and adventure stories like *Robinson Crusoe*, which had been published in 1719 by the



EDITOR  
Johann Rudolf Wyss



ILLUSTRATOR  
Johann Emanuel Wyss

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

The Wonderful Story of  
**THREE SAILORS ON LEAVE...**  
**THREE GIRLS IN LOVE...**  
and Five little  
Orphans in  
Trouble!

# SO THIS IS PARIS

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### SWISS FAMILY CONTINUED

Englishman Daniel Defoe. This practice led to the family's imagining itself on some faraway island, leading a life like that of Crusoe and thinking of all the possible things that could happen to a family shipwrecked upon a deserted shore. In no time at all they were putting their island fantasy down on paper, writing it in daily instalments.

The Swiss family of the book is the same as the Wyss family of real life. The shipwrecked parents are a pedantic parson and his wife, while their four young sons experience parental instruction and family relationships just like those of the four Wyss children themselves.

It is the setting for the story that is purest fabrication, conceived with a wildly imaginative disregard for the facts of nature. Plants and animals from every climate in the world abound on the tropical island, which the manuscript locates "in the neighborhood of New Guinea." But no single place on earth has—or could have—such a conglomeration of exotic plants and animals as Wyss managed to bring together.

To illustrate the story as it was being set down, Wyss's third son, Johann Emanuel, did a series of 60 remarkably detailed drawings, gouaches and water colors. Bound into the volumes of handwritten manuscript (below), they portray the adventures with childish gusto. They also show an impressive variety of animals which are surprisingly accurate considering that the artist, a boy at the time, knew most of them only secondhand from descriptions and illustrations in zoological books.

No one knows exactly when the book was written, but sometime before it was completed Father Wyss happened to read aloud parts of the story to friends of the family. To his surprise they enthusiastically urged that it be published. Wyss never did anything about it, but years later his second son, Johann Rudolf, now a man of 30, decided to edit and publish the manuscript himself. At the time, adventure books motivated by the Robinson Crusoe theme were known as Robinsoniads, and so he titled the Wyss tale *Der Schweizerische Robinson* (*The Swiss Robinson*), hoping thereby to help sales.

Published in Zurich in 1812, the book was an immediate success. Since then the story has been translated from the German into nine other languages and printed in hundreds of different editions around the world, including the English versions which are titled as *The Swiss Family Robinson*.

But the illustrations of Johann Emanuel Wyss were never included in any one of the countless published editions. Considered only curious family possessions, they were handed down from one generation of Wysses to another but never shown to the public. Recently I put them on display in Bern for the first time. Now we realize they are even more than rare collectors' items. For all their simplicity the illustrations of Johann Emanuel Wyss are a unique and haunting reminder of the boyish spirit which long ago produced an ageless fantasy.



Illustrations in two of the four volumes of manuscript

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**I would like, on the next three pages, to  
preview for you some of the great stories  
you will be seeing in LIFE during 1955.**

**Andrew Heiskell, Publisher**



# Surprise is a Bonus

In 1955 LIFE will give you more value for your money than any magazine you have ever read. Including LIFE itself over the past 18 years.

I can make this guarantee because I have seen much of what the Editors have in store for you. Never has LIFE begun a year with such an abundance of major projects already in work and process. All over the world, photographers and artists are creating and collecting pictorial material for LIFE's majestic series on the Great Regions of the World. Here at home, writers like Lincoln Barnett, author of LIFE's "World We Live In" essays, are preparing drafts for another monumental undertaking, "The Development of Man". Ex-president Truman is hard at work on his Memoirs for publication in LIFE. Also going forward is a project to bring to LIFE's pages the remarkable story of the life of General Douglas MacArthur. It will be written by his aide and friend, General Courtney Whitney. In contrast will be another major effort just for fun—the *unauthorized* biography of Greta Garbo, secrecy-seeking heroine of ill-starred romances. A revealing, intimate portrait, this should add considerable spice to LIFE. Other features already committed for publication next year are described on these pages.

What I cannot document for you here are the "surprises" of LIFE. For who can now say when a LIFE editor will unearth another Nobel-Prize-winning novel to publish in LIFE before its appearance in book form. (As was the case with Hemingway's "The Old Man and The Sea".) Or when one of our staff will recognize in such a commonplace thing as a postage stamp, a spectacular opportunity to create a classic and colorful 20-page portfolio like "Stamps of the World" (LIFE May 3, 1954). Or when a routine query to our bureau in Rome will fetch back breathtaking color photographs of the Italian conquest of the "unclimbable" mountain, K-2. (October 11, 1954). These are the surprises of LIFE.

Together, planned projects and unplanned surprises, add immense value to LIFE. But they are *extra* values, *extra* reasons for reading LIFE. The heart of any week's issue of LIFE can best be expressed in words written back in 1936. They set LIFE's purpose then, and determine now, what goes into any week of LIFE. "... to see life, to see the world, to eyewitness great events; to watch the faces of the poor and the gestures of the proud; to see machines, armies and multitudes, shadows in the jungle and on the moon, the women that men love and many children; to see and be instructed; to see and be amazed."

These objectives are sometimes accomplished in a single picture, sometimes in ten. But they are the core of any issue. Without them there would be no magazine called LIFE. With them—and with all the bountiful bonuses LIFE offers throughout the year—LIFE becomes a reading value you will find hard to duplicate.

**Andrew Hellsell, Publisher**



## THE GARBO STORY

For more than a quarter century Greta Garbo's passion for privacy kept her personal life out of the public prints. And an intriguing life it was—replete with fervent and fractured romances. Now author John Bainbridge, in a crackling unauthorized biography, barges in on the hidden life of the famous "I want to be alone" girl. Read the first of these candid chapters in the January 10th issue.

## THE DEVELOPMENT OF MAN

Turning now from the purely physical world so thoroughly explored in LIFE's "World We Live In" series, LIFE will document the development of man.

To cope with the problems of today's world, modern man must rely on the physical, mental and emotional legacy handed down by our forebears—men of the Stone Age and before.

In surviving those arduous days, Early Man had constantly to sharpen his hunting instincts, his social faculties, his reasoning powers, his dexterity. The degree to which he succeeded or failed is our heritage today.

At least ten chapters of 16 illustrated pages will be required to trace this fascinating evolution through the first days of recorded history. Though each phase of the series will be carefully authenticated by world authorities to meet the most rigid standards of scholarship, these essays like all of LIFE, will be written for family readership—bright, incisive text, illustrated by wonderfully imaginative paintings.

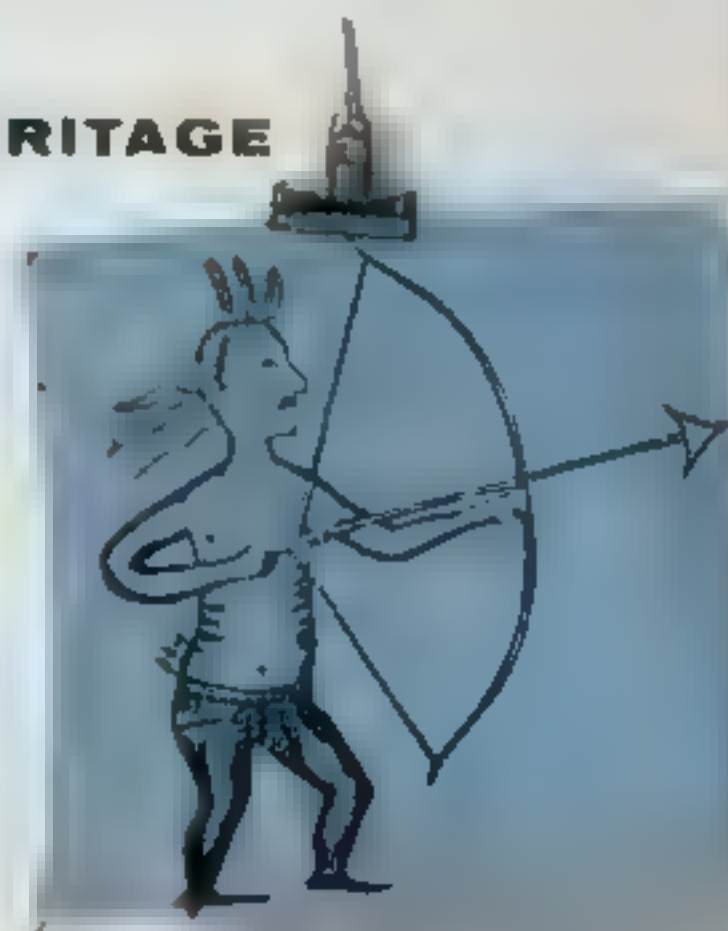


## BIG NEWS, BIG PICTURES

Constantly experimenting and developing its lead story technique, LIFE will throughout the year bring you more and more smashing news picture stories like the recent Hurricane Carol, Conquest of K-2, Dior Fashions, Politicians on Tour. Big stories that can only be told in pictures. Here—often in color—you'll be assured of an eyewitness view of the most dramatic news event of the week. Look for this news in LIFE—you'll get it nowhere else. For only LIFE has the picture resources and the high-speed printing facilities to bring it to you.

## AMERICA'S CULTURAL HERITAGE

In at least six brisk portfolios LIFE in 1955 will present the results of a year's original research in American art and design. It will be an exciting pictorial narrative of how present-day American culture developed; how skyscrapers, automatic machines, modern paintings, and mass-produced appliances trace much of their spirit and style to the graceful clipper ships, long rifles, steam engines and ingenious paintings of the nation's earlier artists and craftsmen. Fifteen years ago LIFE added much to its reader's enjoyment of art by introducing the work of then little known painters—Grant Wood, Curry and Benton. So too this series will kindle a greater zest for America's own robust past by uncovering the imaginative artistic output of the days of Yankee Doodle, the Opening of the West and the Gilded Age of the 90's.





## GREAT RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD

Brilliant photographs and paintings plus expressive text will combine to make LIFE's multi-chapter series "Great Religions of the World" a vivid adventure. Here you will probe the complexities of Oriental faiths—observe their impressive rites, sacred temples, ageless customs and conventions—that have so much meaning and importance for millions of people outside our nation. And having learned in LIFE what these people believe spiritually, you will better understand why they act and react as they do, economically and politically. Using much color, LIFE will present these essays with the same lavish technique developed in its "History of Western Culture" series. Starts February

**HINDUISM:** The world's most elaborate religion, the mother of Buddhism, responsible for the caste system.

**BUDDHISM:** An "eight-fold path" to Nirvana directs the everyday life of every Buddhist.

**CONFUCIANISM-TAOISM:** Who follows Confucius must be just, benevolent, circumspect in all his dealings. Conformity to the ordained order of the universe is a cardinal Taoist tenet.

**ISLAM:** —There is no God but Allah and Mohammed is his prophet.

**JUDAISM:** The meaning and tradition of 5715 years of Judaism—parent of Islam and Christianity.

**CHRISTIANITY:** A broad look at Christendom—world's largest religion, its heritage, and problems.



## MODERN LIVING

Ideas to help you make your home more liveable, more beautiful indoors and out. What's new in gadgets, decoration, furnishings, room arrangements, how to add new beauty to old households. Dozens of practical photo-demonstrations—many in color—to show you how inventive Americans live today.



## MEN OF GENIUS

The way we live today—our culture, convenience, communication and prodigious industrial production—can all be traced in some measure to the innovations and discoveries of the great minds of centuries past. In a new series "Men of Genius", LIFE will call upon distinguished men of our own time to recreate for you the fibre and personality and boundless talents of the great men of the past, who have contributed so much to the art and science, literature and philosophy that are part of American life today. At least six articles.



## PRIVATE FASHION SHOW

Keeping a fashionable stride ahead of fashion trends, LIFE's big display pages will be a guide to clothes you'll want to wear or wish for next year. Week after week LIFE reports the changing world of fashion in terms of life itself. Articles on clever seamstresses who do-it themselves, stylish first graders, debutantes, duchesses and movie stars reflect new styles, customs, fashions in living. Whether the news is a \$3.95 T-shirt dress or a high-priced Paris ball gown, LIFE's fashion pages will parade before you a year-long personal fashion show.

## TRUMAN MEMOIRS

Harry S. Truman will write for LIFE in '55 a personal account of one of the most important periods in U. S. history. The tone and content of these memoirs is indicated in this message to LIFE's Editor, "At the time I agreed to write my memoirs I said that I would write the facts as I knew them and that I could verify from notes and papers in my possession. I told you I would write of those events with which I had any connection and would avoid interpreting them in the light of later years or newer information. You know that I prefer to be straightforward and direct in my language and I shall permit no embellishment to come between me and the facts. It is possible of course that for purposes of clarity I might resort to colloquialisms. But in all events it will be printable and readable."



## TREASURY OF FINE WRITING

Literary critic Virgilia Peterson has called LIFE "A rich treasury of fine writing." With good reason. For in addition to the best writings of such famous authors as Winston Churchill, Ernest Hemingway, James Michener, a year of LIFE offers you many memorable literary efforts by LIFE's own staff. Men like Robert Coughlan, Robert Wallace, Ernest Havemann. Coming in LIFE are at least 30 full length feature articles that will range a variety of subjects: adventure...political analysis...military strategy...foreign intrigue...science...personalities...sports.



## PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAYS

Hallmark of LIFE over the years has been its matchless ability to present an essay in photographs. In a score of photographs, spread out over 7-12 pages, LIFE probes some aspect of living in the world today. Sometimes for fun, for sheer beauty; often for pure excitement. And always to add to your knowledge of the people and places in the world about you. Above, a scene from "Literary South Seas", January 24th issue.

## 50% MORE COLOR PAGES

To make LIFE an increasingly beautiful magazine to read and to save, LIFE in 1955 will add many color pages to each issue. LIFE over the year will publish 50% more color pages than you saw during 1954. Production refinements and new printing techniques developed in LIFE's multi-million dollar graphic arts laboratory, have made this possible.





"THE LITTLE COWBOY" on WLS radio show, George plunked a ukulele, sang until voice changed.

## GOBEL CONTINUED

contest—a lot of people are going to lose."

Another of Gobel's writers, sad-faced Harry Winkler, an old friend who was just a thesis away from his Ph.D. in international relations at the University of Chicago before he joined the Gobel show, says, "When George tells a story, either on television or in his own living room, it starts out with all the ingredients of truth. But he keeps adding things, little dramatic sidelights, and all at once it's a concoction. A delightful concoction, sure, but—well, he's a liar."

Before he became such a refreshing blend of truth and prevarication George Gobel was a soprano. In fact, as a soprano he wasn't even George Gobel: he was George Goebel and he lived with his parents, Herman and Lillian Goebel, in a six-room flat above a grocery store on Chicago's northwest side. At the time of George's birth, May 20, 1920, Mr. Goebel was operating the store, which he has since closed down.

At 8 George joined the choir of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church. St. Stephen's former rector, the Reverend Irwin St. John Tucker, is still lyrically astonished when he recalls little Georgie Gobel's voice: "His voice would just float over the others like a sea gull over waves."

Three years later, standing on a box so that he could make like a sea gull into a microphone, George sang *Lend Thou My Soul* over Chicago radio station WLS with such aplomb that station officials, discovering he could also play the ukulele and sing cowboy songs, began to use him regularly. In 1933, wearing stiff, new, size 9 overalls, George won a place on the *National Barn Dance*, the famed corn-and-hillbilly program which originated from WLS. He was billed as The Little Cowboy.

At 16, now a fledgling baritone and the owner of a new Ford sedan, Gobel met Alice Humecke, a pretty, dark-haired girl in his class at Roosevelt High School. "She liked Fords," he recalls. But Alice must have liked George too because she stuck to him through a succession of Hudsons and a Piper Cub, and in 1942 they were married.

It was not until Gobel was sworn into the Air Force that year that comedy became a part of his act. "You know all those forms you fill out," he says. "Well, I put 'entertainer' down somewhere and that was it. You remember how wild the Air Corps was for entertainment and all that jazz." Throughout his service in Texas and Okla-

homa, Gobel traveled about entertaining Air Force personnel, appearing for bond and recruiting drives. "But I couldn't just sing," he says. "They wouldn't sit still for that. Not those guys. So I began working a few stories in between songs. Some I remembered from playing around Chicago with a trio. Some I stole. Some I just made up."

His talent for fabricating stories made a



A GROWN-UP ARTIST at 20, Gobel worked in a Chicago trio, which made up to \$250 a week at clubs.

hit with one of Gobel's commanding officers. "The colonel turned on me one day and said, 'Gobel, I like champions. I don't care if he's the champion secretary or the champion short-field lander or the champion goof-up. I got to have champions around me.'"

"I guess I got to be one of his champions because I was in a taxi accident. And they're the stupidest kind. Everybody knows that. I just drove my airplane into the guy parked ahead of me. Well, they had this big accident meeting and everybody who'd done anything wrong for the past while got up in front of this board and told what happened. It came to be my turn, and all these guys, the colonel and all, they were lookin' at me waitin'. Trouble. So I said, 'Well, I drove the airplane out to the end of the runway and was waiting for take-off from the tower.' I looked at 'em. I was dead. 'Just mindin' my own business,' I said, 'and this guy backed into me.' Well, they broke up laughing and that made me the champion taxier or liar or something in the colonel's book."

## Lieutenant with a guitar

ACTUALLY Gobel, during his three years as a twin-engined bomber instructor, was a first-rate pilot. In January 1946 he was released from the Air Force. A month or so later, still wearing his first lieutenant's uniform and carrying a guitar case, he appeared at the Chicago office of David P. O'Malley, then one of the leading entertainment booking agents of the Middle West.

"The little guy walked into my office, holding the guitar like it was a hat," says O'Malley, a ruggedly built, dark-haired, narrow-eyed Irishman of 58. "I know you, lieutenant," I say. "I auditioned you with a trio before the war."

"Well," he says, "I'm a comedian now." "Well, you don't look very funny to me, lieutenant," I say.

O'Malley agreed to give George a tryout in a big USO show he was presenting the following Sunday. The main attraction was to be the chorus girls of the Latin Quarter revue. Gobel would perform in a 10-minute opening spot where he would be quickly forgotten when the blondes trotted out.

Show time came—but not the girls. The 3,500 servicemen in the audience began to stamp and whistle. O'Malley phoned the revue's manager, who blandly confessed he had got his Sundays mixed.

"And there in the corner of that huge stage," as O'Malley recalls, "going 'plink, plank, plunk' on his guitar, was George. We were telephoning all over trying to get every act in Chicago out of bed and down to the



AN INFREQUENT SINGER on his TV show today, Gobel uses his guitar primarily as a stage prop.

theater. In about a minute I heard them give him a little laugh, a ripple, you know. Then a minute later a yuk. And then suddenly this little guy had taken the joint and wrapped it up. I heard the walls falling and ran out to look. Everybody in the house was roaring.

"He came off in 10 minutes, like I'd told him to. I said, 'Take a bow, George. Can you do 10 minutes more?' Well, George did 45 minutes, a regular concert. I never heard such yells. The place was shaking. And when he finally came off, the wings were loaded with jugglers, tap dancers, acrobats, show girls, all waiting to go on. But everything else we did that day was an anticlimax."

O'Malley, who now thought Gobel was the funniest-looking lieutenant he'd ever seen, promptly took over as his manager, a position he has filled with skillful determination for the past eight years. Gobel killed them in Grand Rapids, Cedar Rapids, East Dubuque and Sheboygan. He began to refine his monologs, dropping out the purely topical material, trying out new ideas and incorporating them into his act.

Six months after his debut at the USO, Gobel got a one-night job in Helsing's Vaudvil Lounge in Chicago. He did so well that he was signed to play there for eight weeks



at \$400 a week. It was his first big-city success.

"That's another thing that bugs me," says Gobel today. "Everyone wantin' to make this rags-to-riches. I've probably been lucky, but I've been hittin' it pretty good for eight years. I didn't just pop up out of someplace. They never had to pass the hat or hold a tag day for me."

The facts are with Gobel. Before he ever appeared on television he was making as much as \$600 for a one-night club date. From Helsing's to the Palmer House in Chicago, from the Sahara at Las Vegas to The Waldorf-Astoria in New York, he has done his self-annihilating monologs before thousands of audiences.

However successful, Gobel has always had a talent for existing incognito. People are continually discovering him, as if they cannot quite believe anyone else could have looked sharp enough to spot him. Perhaps that name is too elusive: as a friend remarked, "It has a faintly digestive ring, as if you should cover your mouth when you say it." Perhaps his reluctance to play the big-shot comic has more to do with it.

Long before he ever met or worked with Gobel, Hal Kanter, on hearing that George was performing at Los Angeles' Statler Hotel, called there for a dinner reservation. "Give me the room Gobel plays in," he said to the operator. A man's voice came on the phone. "What time does Gobel go on?"



**OUT OF CHARACTER** at rehearsal, Gobel howls over funny script. On stage, he is always dead pan.

Kanter asked, "Eight-thirty," was the reply. "This is Mr. Kanter. I'd like a table for four at 8." "Yes, sir," said the voice respectfully. Kanter and his party saw the show that night from a good table and it was much later that Gobel confessed the operator had connected Kanter directly with Gobel's bedroom and that it was he, not the headwaiter, who had taken the reservation.

In 1951 Gobel made his first appearance on network television on *The Garry Moore Show*, then a daytime program in New York. He pulled good mail immediately and in the next two years did more than 30 guest spots for Moore, performing little skits and pieces of his monologs. He also went on a number of other programs, including *Toast of the*

*Town* and *This Is Show Business*. Summer before last Gobel appeared seven times on the *Saturday Night Revue*, the dog-day replacement for the *Show of Shows* and so roused NBC talent hunters that they purchased exclusive rights to his services.

For about a year, while O'Malley and NBC scrambled feverishly to find the proper format for a regular show, Gobel was the hottest untelevised property in television. Scores of scripts were submitted and rejected.

Finally O'Malley commissioned Hal Kanter, then between pictures at Paramount, to go to Chicago where George was playing at the Empire Room of the Palmer House. Kanter spent four days watching Gobel perform, familiarizing himself with the routines, the delivery, the voice inflections, the movements. On Oct. 2, five weeks after Kanter had returned to Hollywood, the first *George Gobel Show* went on the air.

Actually Kanter had no special format; in fact he and O'Malley insist it is a "fluid" show. It always opens directly on George who speaks a short prologue. ("Good evening, ladies and gentlemen and many, many others. I'd like to wish you all a safe and sane holiday tomorrow night when the nation turns out to celebrate the 494th birthday of Vasco da Gama. . . .") After the commercial and the credits Gobel has a more extensive monolog. ("The most timid man in the world is my brother. . . . To give you an idea of how timid he is . . . he—well—he was a 26-month baby. . . .") Somewhere in here there is a song by Peggy King, a pert-voiced 5-foot redhead. Following that comes a bit of Gobelque nonsense involving a guest star (he would not let Actor Fred MacMurray perform in a skit or play the saxophone, insisted he eat cookies like a real guest). Gobel comes back alone at the end and the show drifts away as effortlessly as it began.

Gobel waits until the first rehearsal to see each script. Reading the lines aloud as he sits at a long table, he behaves in a most un-Gobel way; he throws back his head and howls with laughter, he pounds the table with his fist, he tattoos his feet on the floor. Naturally his joy is contagious to the rest of the company at the table and everybody be-

gins grinning at his script as if it had suddenly become a priceless comic document.

His delight at the first reading does not mean that Gobel will not make changes. During the five days of rehearsal before each show, George is likely to ask for several, and occasionally he will throw in a new line, often at the last moment and always with unerring timing. He puts a lot into learning his lines and creating visual business for each show. Sometimes come Saturday night he is so keyed up that his hands tremble and his face breaks out in nervous blotches.

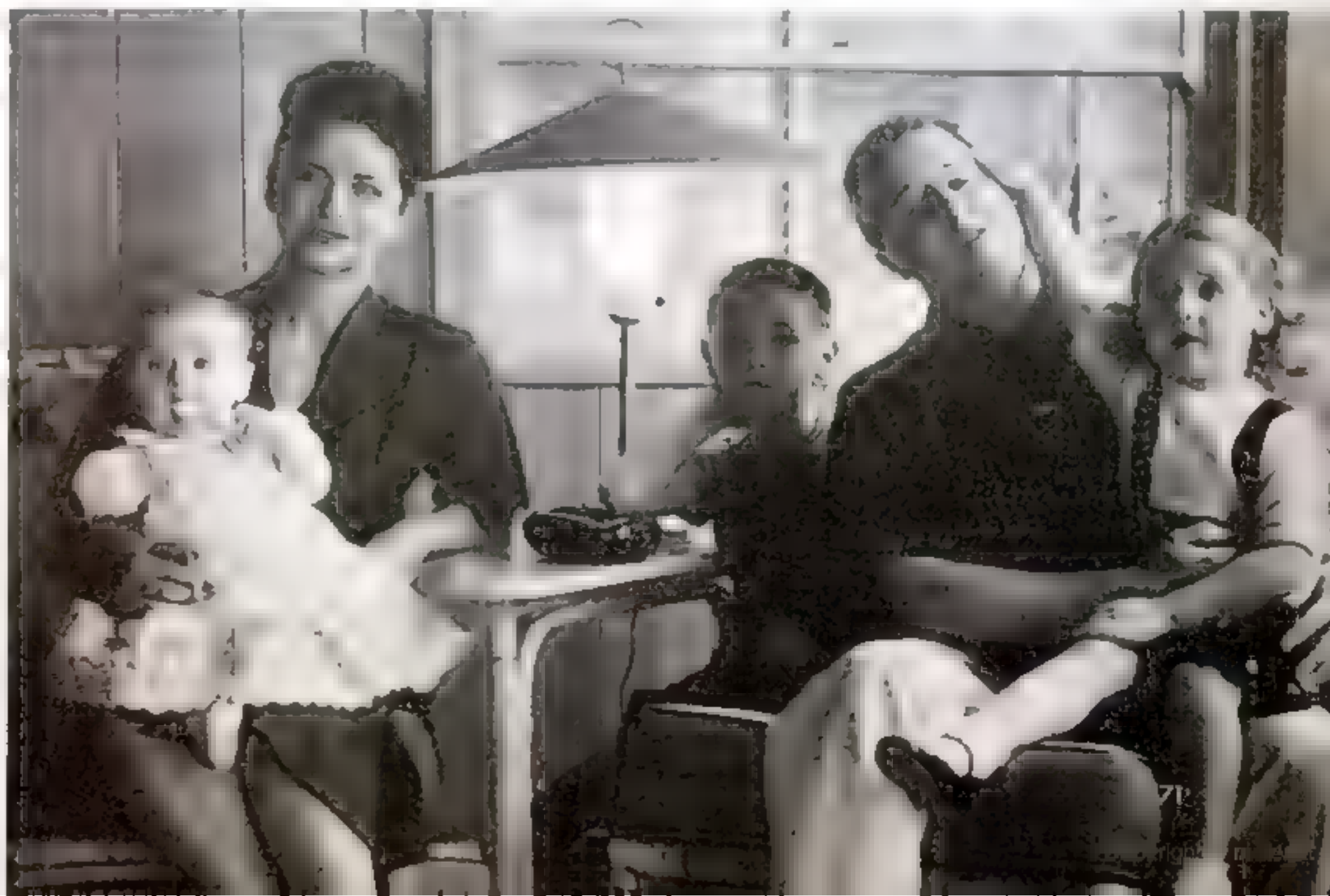
He does much of his studying at home, a three-bedroom, three-bath, one-swimming-pool house in Sherman Oaks, which is just over the hill from Hollywood. The house is nicely filled by Alice and George Gobel, their children (Gregg, 9, Georgia, 4, Leslie, 9 months) and Alice's widowed mother. The Gobels own two cars (an Oldsmobile and a Ford) and a case of Dial soap.

Gobel's major leisure preoccupation is his family. He is home on most rehearsal days by 6. Every Saturday night after the show Alice goes back to George's dressing room, packs his show clothes in a suitcase and leads him quietly off for dinner. He has persuaded his mother and father to sell the old store building in Chicago, and they will be moving to California early next year. "And," says Hal Kanter, "he will take his kids out when other big comics I've known would go to the club and make up for it later by writing a check or buying a pony."

The prospects for Gobel's future leisure are not good. The television show, a \$35,000-weekly package, has the rest of the season to run, will surely be renewed next fall. Gomalco Enterprises, a new Gobel-O'Malley corporation with assets of mostly George, is loaded with enough personal appearance invitations to keep Gobel talking for more than a year. It is entirely likely that Gobel will make a full-length film next summer. And the summer after that, maybe an appearance in England or a big U.S.-touring variety show with Gobel as the star. In short, the outlook for suc—the chances to make a lot of—the opportunities for the fut—well, George has hit the jackpot, is what he's done.

**A FOND FATHER**, Gobel is patted affectionately on head by his daughter Georgia, 4, as he sits with

his wife Alice, Leslie, 9 months, and son Gregg, 9, in their home at Sherman Oaks outside Hollywood





# Low-down Furniture

## DACHSHUND-LEGGED PIECES BRING ABOUT

Furniture has been getting lower and lower during the past 10 years until today it is considered not too peculiar—in fact it is even stylish—to sit on cushions and eat off a six-inch-high dining table. This down-to-earth trend came to the U.S. from Japan, caught on in California and now has swept across the whole country. Designers of expensive furniture are shrinking legs on everything from beds to bureaus to dachshund size and their styles are now being adapted to all price levels. One reason for the success of this new furniture is the fact that in today's houses rooms have grown smaller and ceilings have become lower. In

**HINGED CUSHIONS** of foam rubber make an on-the-floor chair. Almost anybody can cover rubber pads and make a similar piece at relatively small expense.



**COUCH** has walnut frame, steel base, six-inch-high legs. Mattress is of foam rubber and makes a comfortable bed. Piece is a Darrell Landrum design.





# Floors the Flexible

## NEW LEVELS FOR LOUNGING AND EATING

rooms like this, low, small-scale furniture looks best. Another reason is foam rubber, which makes it possible to put a mattress on a wooden slab raised only a few inches off the floor and to upholster squat chairs and chaises comfortably without springs. Foam cushions also make floor sitting a practical thing for adults.

Stiff-jointed irreconcilables insist that only the Japanese or athletes under 21 can be comfortable with this low-down furniture. But others, who are perhaps sprier, find it lends itself to casual eating and comfortable lounging and is better suited to modern habits than formal furniture.



**SEATING PIECE** by George Nelson has room for two to sit down or one to stretch out. It uses foam rubber on steel frame, has white plastic table at one end.



**LOW TABLE** is fine for Japanese style dining, is six inches high, has black marble top. A matching small serving table is at right with matching dog.



**CHAISE LONGUE** is suspended on a chrome-plated steel base. Upholstery, only three inches thick, consists of foam rubber over a special flat spring.



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better!

1. Friendly Natural Aroma
2. Mellow Tasting and Mild
3. Stays Lighted Longer

TO KEEP YOUR PIPE

**BRIGGS**

**PIPE MIXTURE**

**BRIGGS**

**PIPE MIXTURE**

MADE IN U.S.A.

**CAN'T SLEEP**  
because of  
**ACID**  
**INDIGESTION?**

Why let sour stomach ruin your sleep? Just reach for wonderful little Tums. Eat like candy. No water—no glass—no spoon! Almost instantly the acid indigestion, heartburn depart. Then natural sleep follows.

# TUMS

**FOR THE TUMMY**

STILL ONLY 10¢ A ROLL  
AND YOU COULDN'T BUY SAFER.  
QUICKER RELIEF FOR A TEN DOLLAR BILL.

A black and white photograph of a woman sitting on a couch. She is wearing a light-colored, short-sleeved shirt with a dark, abstract pattern and dark-colored pants. Her hands are resting on her knees. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background is dark and indistinct.

*Proof.* Suppose that  $\delta$  is nonpositive and let us assume without loss of generality that  $m_{\text{max}} = m_0$ . Let  $n \rightarrow \infty$ ; then we have

In his boyhood Truman Sanborn was no more a special occasion than that his mother. Parents broke the monotony of living in bed by taking rough rides through the snow. Many couples met there and were married in the sanatorium chapel.

But Trudeau himself never gave up his search for a more democratic system. The secretary who he founded a book club by 1970, one of the first in the

TRUDEAU'S LAST PATIENT WALKS DOWN SNOWY STREET THROUGH THE NOW EMPTY SENATORIAL THE PATIENTS







**NEW MEASURES** outmoding Dr. Trudeau's method include streptomycin (left), isoniazid pills, PAS powder.



**NEW METHOD** for TB research in Trudeau laboratory uses X-rays on rabbit to study the effects of the new drugs.

anti-TB drugs. As a result of these discoveries by several research centers, patients can now get more effective treatment in local TB hospitals. The drugs also permit surgeons to carry out more delicate operations on the lungs. Meanwhile devices like mobile X-ray units help detect the disease in its early stages. Together these advances have helped cut the tuberculosis death rate by 75% in the last 10 years.

The Trudeau research center, which has not closed, is hunting for even more effective ways to combat the disease which still claims 20,000 lives in the U.S. each year. As the last of Trudeau's patients trudged off through the snow last month, one of the plans being considered by the sanatorium's board of trustees was to make the historic institution a world center for tuberculosis research.

LIVED MOSTLY IN SMALL GROUPS IN COMFORTABLE, HOMELIKE COTTAGES WHICH AVOIDED HOSPITAL ATMOSPHERE



**Now!  
For the 2 in 5  
who perspire  
freely...**



**Here's deodorant protection  
you never thought possible!**

Now stop perspiration instantly, prevent odor all day long—even if you are one of the 2 in 5 who perspire freely! New Mum Mist Spray Deodorant with hexachlorophene kills odor-causing germs on contact. It's amazingly effective, yet safe for normal skin, and will not damage delicate fabrics. For protection that acts fast, lasts longer, get new Mum Mist! At all toiletries counters,

**LARGE SIZE 59c**  
plus tax

**DRIES FAST  
WON'T RUN  
WON'T DRIP**



**with hexachlorophene**  
A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



**INDEPENDENT SUBWAY SYSTEM**  
UPTOWN TO WASHINGTON HEIGHTS  
THE BRONX AND QUEENS  
DOWNTOWN TO BROADWAY - NASSAU ST.  
EAST SIDE VIA HOUSTON STREET  
AND BROOKLYN



## COMING UP DOUBLED UP

The spirit of Christmas sometimes produces disquieting moments. In New York the Volunteers of America Inc. hires more than 50 men a day to dress up as Santa Claus and go out to the street corners around town soliciting contributions for the poor.

When their posts are in the same vicinity, the men often travel together. Emerging through the sidewalk exits, they give New Yorkers the shattering, if brief, illusion that Santa Claus not only comes in pairs but comes on a crowded 15¢ subway ride at that.





*"Is this something special?"*

*"It certainly is...that's Ballantine Ale"*

Year after year after year, Ballantine, America's first truly light ale, continues to be America's favorite ale.

And you'll find the reason in your very first glass. Light—not heavy—perfectly suited to the American taste, Ballantine Ale is marked by a superb flavor, a distinctive character and good-

ness unmatched in any other brewed beverage.

Generation after generation, it continues in a class by itself. Look for the famous 3-ring trademark...ask the man for Ballantine Ale.

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.... one of the world's largest breweries.



Since 1840



**BALLANTINE ALE**...the light ale America prefers by 4 to 1!



Whatever *our income...there's a*

## **NATIONAL** *home for you!*

All National homes, designed by the noted architect Charles M. Goodman, AIA, are of the same famous high quality—prices vary due to differences in styles and sizes. Price range from \$6,000 to \$40,000.

### IF YOU MAKE \$75 A WEEK

#### The 3-Bedroom DELTA

NO DOWN PAYMENT  
for Veterans in Many Areas

**\$450** down FHA

**\$57** per Month  
including taxes and insurance

Approximate Total Cost\*

**\$9,000**

including \$1,400 Lot

### IF YOU MAKE \$70 A WEEK

#### The 3-Bedroom CABOT

NO DOWN PAYMENT  
for Veterans in Many Areas

**\$450** down FHA

**\$53** per Month  
including taxes and insurance

Approximate Total Cost\*

**\$8,250**

including \$1,250 Lot

### IF YOU MAKE \$55 A WEEK

#### The 2-Bedroom AVALON

**\$350** down

**\$44** per Month

including taxes and insurance

Approximate Total Cost\*

**\$6,600**

including \$1,000 Lot

\*All house prices and payments are approximate due to varying local conditions. All subject to FHA or VA requirements.

**See Your National Homes Builder-Dealer . . .** for designs and floor plans. Or write National Homes Corporation, Dept. L155, Lafayette, Ind.



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Watch Local Newspaper for Announcement!**

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